

ZETA MINOR

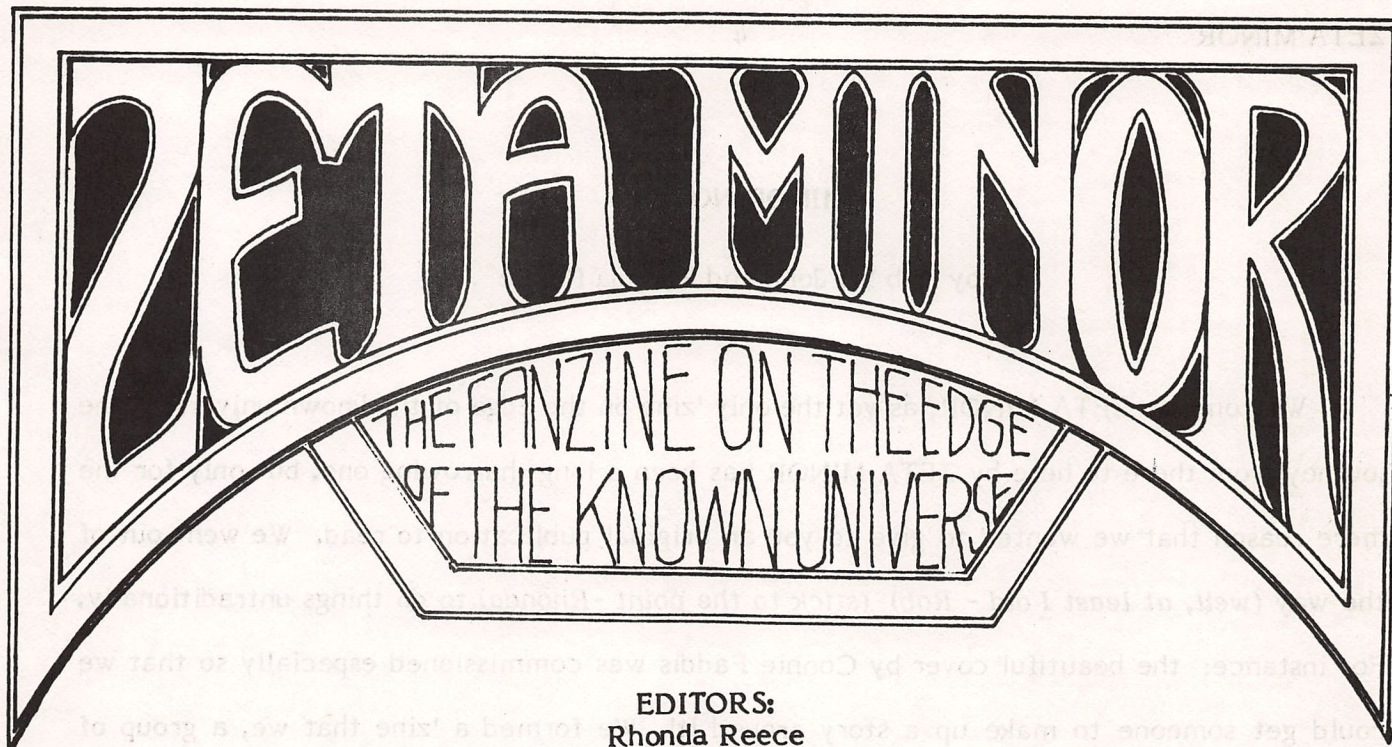


YOU GOT THIS ZINE BECAUSE . .

- ___ It was your last couple of bucks, so you thought, "What the heck!"
- ___ You buy anything with a Connie Faddis cover.
- ___ You just buy anything.
- ___ You saw Stefanie Hawks' signature inside.
- ___ You thought it was another 'Star Wars' zine.
- ___ You always root for the Master.
- ___ You like K-9.
- ___ You despise K-9.
- ___ You refuse to admit that you know what a K-9 is.
- ___ You don't trip on your scarf.
- ___ You're an American, and the BBC turned down your script ideas.
- ___ You attended a P. T. Gumby flower arranging class (Oooooooooooooohhh).
- ___ You're a Prydonian Renegade, and took pity on yon editors.
- ___ Rhonda's artwork didn't mar the zine too much.
- ___ You think Tom Baker's physionomy is perfect!
- ___ You know how to play cricket.
- ___ It was something to spend U.N.I.T. funds on.
- ___ You have this really strange grandfather clock.
- ___ YOUR BRAIN HURTS (Oooooooooooooohhh)!
- ___ You elected Chop-Suey for Galactic Emperor.
- ___ "The Invisible Enemy" is your favorite episode.
- ___ You elected Zaphod Beeblebrox for Imperial President ("Hi").
- ___ You are a wonderful, charitable, (and rich) person - may we kiss your ring?
- ___ You're always right. (Well, 9 time out of 10 . . . 8 time out of . . .)
- ___ We held you at gunpoint.
- ___ Blake told Avon it was stupid.
- ___ Your dog has no nose.
- ___ You lost your towel.
- ___ 'Zeta Minor' is recommended by the Hitchiker's Guide to the Galaxy.
- ___ I am the Master. You will obey me.
- ___ You were drinking a Pan-Galactic Gargleblaster at the time, and didn't know what you were doing.
- ___ It was a choice between this or a box of Dalek Bubble Bath.
- ___ You are a knight that says "knee". ("Knee! Knee!")
- ___ ("This ain't a moonburn, y'know!")
- ___ You think mundanes were a result of Davros' experiments.

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Rhonda Reece
Robert St. John

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MINOR NOTES

by Rob St. John and Rhonda Reece

Welcome to ZETA MINOR, as yet the only 'zine on the edge of the known universe! The journey from there to here by ZETA MINOR has been a long, harrowing one, but only for the mere reason that we wanted to give to you an original publication to read. We went out of the way (well, at least I did - Rob) (stick to the point - Rhonda) to do things untraditionally. For instance: the beautiful cover by Connie Faddis was commissioned especially so that we could get someone to make up a story around it! We formed a 'zine that we, a group of typical fans (ha, ha, ha, ha. - Rob's mother) would have liked to have seen. We hope you like it. Let us know. If response is good, Who Knows (Booooooooo - the audience)? Maybe you'll see another issue in the near future.

Before you turn the page, we'd like to thank our wonderful bunch of contributors, especially the few artists who made it fun to look at (But then again, we don't need to thank them. . they get free issues - M. Python), and most of all, we'd like to thank Jean Airey for her endless time, help, and word processors. . .speaking of word processors, you are actually getting a page and a half for every page since ZM's printed with proportional spacing and right justification. Isn't modern technology wonderful?

Drop us a line. Contributions for ZM#2 (can you take it?) are now being accepted, especially as far as art is concerned. SASE for info on contributions and a reserved copy of ZM#2.

Thank you very much.

Thank you very, very, very much,

Us
Robert St. John Rhonda Reece

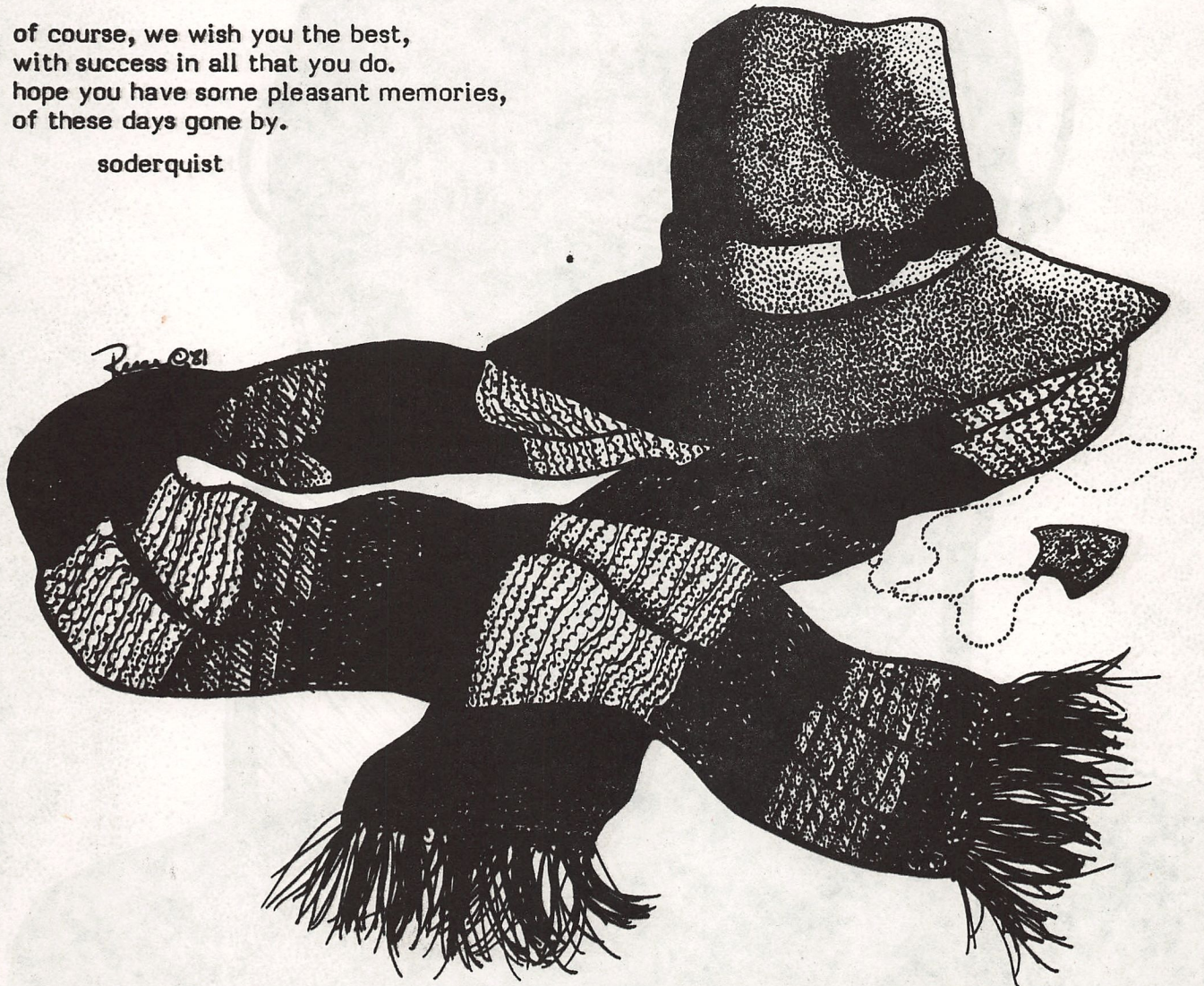
a simple farewell

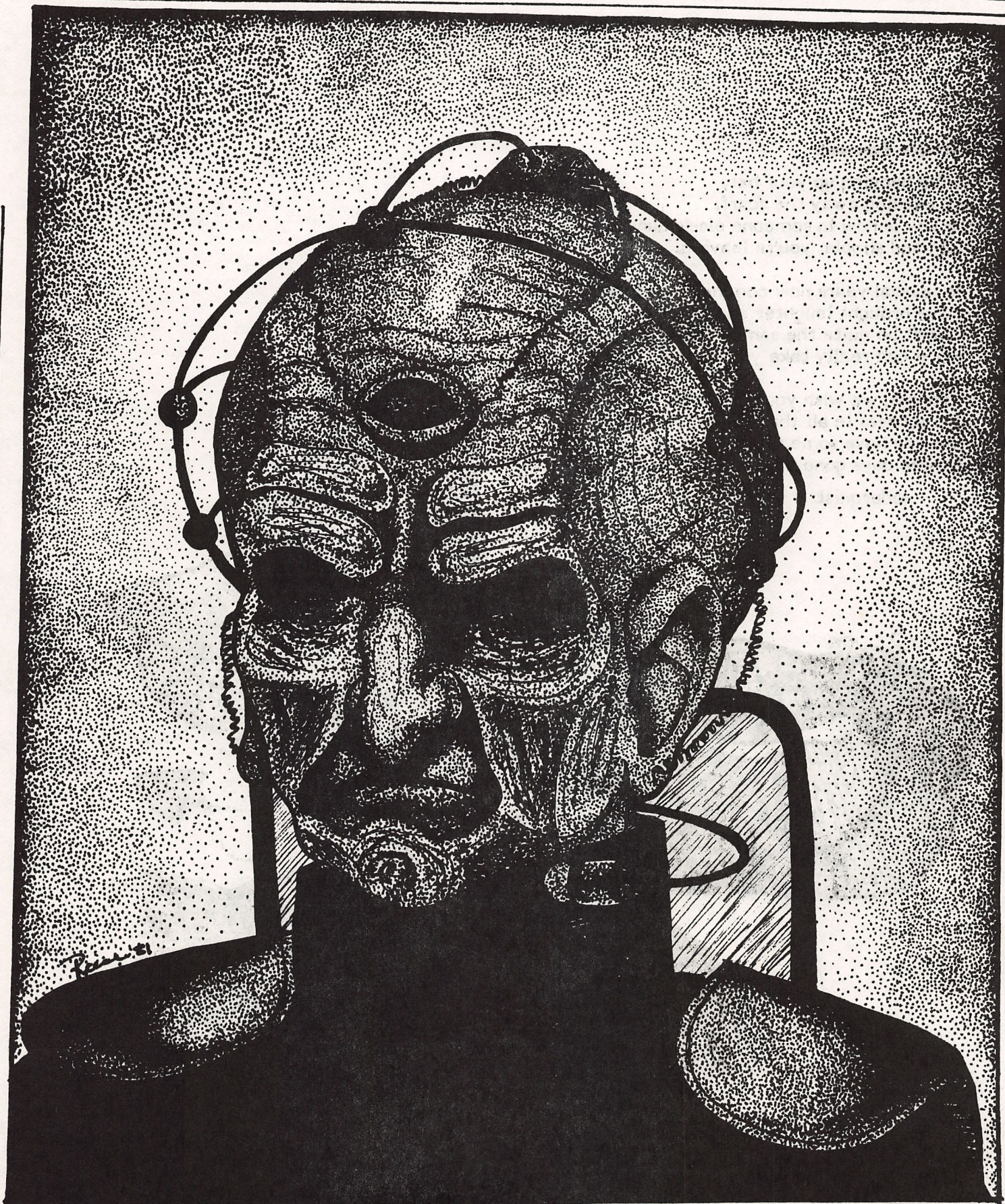
you're hanging up your hat,
and packing away the scarf.
the key is now in someone else's hand,
plain and simple, you're leaving.

for several years now coming to an end,
you've brought laughter and tears.
it won't be quite the same without you,
no one can really take your place.

of course, we wish you the best,
with success in all that you do.
hope you have some pleasant memories,
of these days gone by.

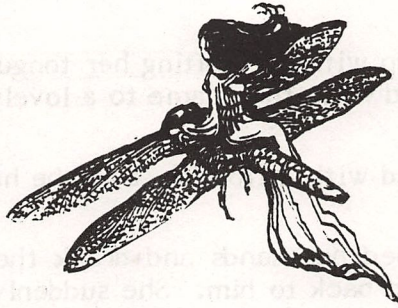
soderquist





DRAGONFLY

by Jean Airey



Sarah Jane Smith scowled fiercely at the Doctor's back. It was quite all right for him to decide to take a ten mile hike away from the TARDIS after they'd materialized on a strange planet, but he didn't have to take her along. Her legs were starting to hurt and she couldn't quite keep up with his long pace anymore. The floor of the forest they were walking in was covered with branches and rocks and while there had been what seemed to be some paths, the Doctor hadn't chosen any of them. All very well for him, he could step over the obstacles. She had to scramble over them. True, she thought, she could have stayed back at the TARDIS, but that would have meant missing out on something. Not that there was anything happening -not even any conversation. Just "Come along, Sarah." when she got too far behind. Like a dog.

"Come along, Spot. Come along Rover." she muttered under her breath and walked right into the Doctor's back.

"Did you say something?"

"Oh no - just making conversation with myself. What did you stop for? Have you figured out where we are?" She moved up to stand by his side. "This isn't Earth."

"Oh no, sun's too yellow." He licked one finger and held it up in the air.

"And while this looks like a forest, it doesn't sound like one." She had been edgy during the first part of the walk, waiting for some monster to come crashing through the woods. The forest was almost empty of noise. An occasional hum and buzz flickered in the air but she hadn't seen or heard anything larger than the occasional fly - and even those did not seem to be the biting kind.

The Doctor put his finger back in his mouth and tasted it. "Ah, hah - it's skelfos."

"Skelfos? This planet?"

"No, no. I don't know what this planet is called, but it's new - as planets go."

"What's skelfos then?"

"A tint in the wind. It's only there when the planet's just starting out."

"Before humans - or whatever - arrive?" Sarah wet her finger and put it in the air.

"Oh, long before. And it's usually whatever's, not humans. You won't be able to taste anything."

She put her finger back in her mouth. He was right, as usual - as mostly usual. "Another Time Lord gift?"

"Oh, not just Time Lords. But a sensitivity far beyond yours." He grinned at her.

"Well, maybe I can taste the difference when I get back." She smiled back at him, resisting the impulse to stick her tongue out. "Do you suppose there's any water around. And could a lowly human drink it?"

"Water? Are you thirsty? I think I can find some." He started crashing along again. "And you mustn't think that you're an inferior species. Some of the water you drink regularly would quite polish off at least half a dozen species I know of."

She hurried to keep up with him, biting her tongue to keep from making a rude remark. Her patience was rewarded when they came to a lovely clearing with a spring bubbling up in the midst of it.

"Will that do?" he said with a flourish, as if he had caused the spring to appear just for her.

She knelt down, cupped her hands and drank the cool water. "Lovely, Doctor." Her thirst quenched, she turned back to him. She suddenly felt very comfortable in this shining and quiet place.

"Hello there, I'm so pleased to meet you." The Doctor was talking to a large dragonfly.

Sarah moved cautiously over behind him. It wouldn't really have surprised her to come across a sentient dragonfly, but she hadn't heard anything except the Doctor's voice.

"Is that so?" he went on. "Of course I'd be glad to do whatever I can. Do you want me to talk to your people first?"

The dragonfly dipped and then lifted and hovered in place. It turned as if waiting for them to follow.

"Doctor, are you talking to that dragonfly?"

The Doctor looked at her in astonishment. "Of course not, Sarah. I'm talking to the Princess of the People of the Air. Come along now, they've got a bit of a problem."

With the dragonfly leading the way they started off through the forest again. This time Sarah was determined to stay up with the Doctor. "Are the dragonflies the People of the Air?"

"The young lady on the dragonfly - didn't you see her?"

"Doctor," Sarah dodged a low branch, "All I see is a dragonfly - and I didn't hear anything."

"Really. That's right, you probably wouldn't. You're a very pragmatic person, Sarah, and people like you never do see or hear them. I might be able to do something about the hearing - but it's up to you to be able to see them."

"Oh. What are they - a sort of a fairy? You know - clap your hands to save Tinker Bell?"

"That is a very human way of putting things. Still, it's about what you can understand."

They'd been climbing higher and emerged on an elevated area. Cleared of trees, there were bushes and shrubs in abundance. The Doctor followed the dragonfly over to a cleared area and sat down on a grassy spot. Sarah sat down beside him.

"You know, Doctor, if the Princess talks to me and I don't answer it could be quite embarrassing." Just in case the invisible Princess was listening, Sarah kept her voice low enough for the Doctor to barely hear - if he was listening for her at all.

"Oh, yes. Excuse me, Princess Rine. My friend has a hearing problem - hereditary." Sarah valiantly resisted a desire to poke the Doctor in the ribs. "I can take care of it." He turned to Sarah and placed his hands over her ears. She could feel his fingers pressing into her skull. There was a slight pop and he took his hands away. "There, that should help." Sarah shook her head. Her ears seemed to be ringing from one side of her head to the other.

"Is she well now, Doctor?" A light bell-like voice floated over the head of the dragonfly.

"Oh yes, I do believe so." Sarah grinned at the Doctor and turned to stare at the dragonfly. "But she can't see you - there's nothing I can do about that."

"No?" The dragonfly flew over and hovered right in front of Sarah's nose. She could feel her eyes crossing as she stared at it. As hard as she could try, she could see nothing of

whatever it was that was riding the insect. "What a pity. We shall have to let you know where we are by speaking to you then."

"If you please. That would be a good idea. I shouldn't want to - "

"Step on us?" The tiny voice laughed. "We move quite rapidly, but you are so very large." Sarah was caught between a desire to apologize for being so large and protesting that she was not, indeed, very large as most things went. She glanced over at the Doctor who was engaged in a bout of silent laughter.

"You did say that you wanted the Doctor's help in something?"

"Yes, but my mother, the Queen, will explain better than I. She is coming now."

The dragonfly lifted, hovered near a small twig and then flew off. Sarah stared at the twig. Had it moved slightly before the dragonfly left?

"I don't think you can step on me up here." laughed the little voice. It was coming from the twig now. Sarah smiled at the twig.

"Sarah." She turned to see a dozen butterflies rimming the Doctor's outspread hand. One settled on it, apparently depositing a passenger, and the rest flew up into a nearby bush.

The Doctor held his hand very still, staring into it with a bemused smile.

"In what way can I be of help, Madam?"

Co-ee, Sarah thought. He must really be talking to someone he thinks is important.

"Your daughter said you are having some problems."

Sarah realized that the Doctor was holding the Queen. She took a deep breath and slid even closer to him, staring intently at his palm, willing herself to see something.

"As you are such a large person, it is possible that the Groundlings will listen to you. We have tried to communicate with them, but to no avail. They refuse to believe that a natural peace could exist between our peoples. They believe that we are so far apart that only war can be the true state of affairs."

"And so you fight back?" The Doctor's voice was faintly reproachful.

"Lately we have tried not returning blow for blow, but so many of our people have died - or been crippled. And now the Groundlings gloat that they will shortly destroy us. We have a weapon that our scientists created which will utterly destroy them. If you cannot help us, we will use it." There was no doubting the finality in that small voice. Sarah could almost picture the tiny but imperious figure, but for all her efforts, she could not see it.

The Doctor studied his hand - the Queen - thoughtfully. "I'll do what I can. Most weapons work two ways, you know. Where might I be able to find these Groundlings?"

"Down the hill and in the valley you will find the caves and tunnels where they live. They have no science, and in fighting they are sometimes foolish, but they are cunning and full of evil crafts. For all your size you must take care."

"Oh, I shall, I shall." The butterfly flew over to the Doctor's hand, settled for a moment, then took off and joined the others. The Doctor got to his feet and Sarah quickly followed. He wrapped his scarf an extra turn around his neck. "Come along, Sarah," he said and turned and started down the hill. Sarah dropped a curtsy to the assembled butterflies (with a Queen it was better to be safe than proud - even if she was small enough to fit in your palm) and waved a goodbye to the twig. The bell-like laughter that followed her down the hill told her that the Princess was still there.

"Doctor," she said when she caught up to him. "Was that the Queen?"

"Yes it was. Did you see her?" He looked at her, his face alight.

"No, Doctor." His mobile face fell in blatant disappointment. Sarah felt like a cad. "I tried very hard."

"Well, Sarah," he started walking on, "it's not the trying; it's the not trying."

"Doctor, that doesn't make sense."

"It doesn't? When it makes sense you'll know what I mean."

"Sometimes I don't think you're speaking the same language as I am."

"But I'm not. Let's see now. Valley over there."

"Do you think there's going to be any trouble?"

"There's always trouble when people can't get on."

They walked out of the forest and into a shrubby canyon. The Doctor knelt down and pulled the bushes away from an opening in the canyon wall. Sarah shivered. The air seemed to grow colder as the opening was revealed.

"It's quite large. Do you think the Groundlings are as large as we are?"

"Larger than the People of the Air - or else they'd be flying too - but not our size." The Doctor started to slide into the hole. "You wait here, Sarah. It'll be too dark in there for you."

Sarah eyed the hole uneasily. As much as she disliked letting the Doctor go off on his own, she really didn't want to go underground exploring. "Right, I'll just wait here."

He had gotten part way in when he backed out. "Don't move from here now - understand? Don't move for anything."

"Yes, Doctor," she said sweetly and watched as he crawled back in. For a while she could hear him scrabbling inside and then the noise stopped. She sat very still. It was very quiet. It was too quiet. She looked around. No sign of dragonflies or butterflies or anything moving. She began to whistle a music hall song she'd grown fond of.

The noise from the hole was loud only because it was the first noise she'd heard for a while that wasn't her own. She stopped whistling. It could have been a scream.

"Doctor?" She crept over to the hole and stuck her head in. "Doctor?" The hole opened into a larger area and her voice echoed from the rocks. There was no answer. More afraid of being alone outside than finding trouble in, she crawled part way inside and listened. There were no noises, no answer to her call. Impulsively, she crept the rest of the way in. If the Doctor could see to get in, then so could she. It was dark, but there was some kind of moss on the walls that glowed. She could certainly see well enough to find her way. At the branching of two tunnels she took the wider one. It opened into an even larger cavern. She stood up cautiously.

A net-like film dropped from above and encircled her, pinning her arms to her side and her legs together. It covered her nose and mouth so she could scarcely breathe. She felt something push hard at her knees and she toppled to the floor, unable even to scream.

"I caught the giant." A deep grating voice gloated. "Did you think to find us so weak, then? Well we have strengths that even you cannot defeat - but you shall not live to tell your friends of them."

"Enough, Lyrod, you talk too much. This one is our captive, now let us go and secure the other one."

Sarah heard the footsteps fade away as the two Groundlings left her. She squirmed frantically about but couldn't loosen her bonds. In despair, she lay on the floor of the cave

and felt tears slip from her eyes. They'd got her and now they were going to get the Doctor and she couldn't do anything. She hated this world. She couldn't see anything, she could only hear things thanks to the Doctor and now she was going to be left to die in a smelly cave.

She was totally unprepared for the tiny voice that came from in front of her.

"If you will lie very still, I will try to free you." It was the Princess. Sarah lay still (not that she had much choice) and wondered what a being small enough to ride a dragonfly could do to break bonds that she couldn't. She felt something touch the webbing by her mouth and slide across it. The webbing split like butter cut by a hot knife.

"What?"

"Don't talk. You wiggle when you talk and I would not wish to cut you." There was a pause as the Princess waited for a response.

"OK." Sarah whispered.

"I knew you were not unintelligent for all your size." Sarah felt the webbing fall away as the Princess systematically removed it. She lay quite still, not moving a muscle. "I am sorry," the little voice continued, "I did not mean to insult you. But we had always thought the Groundlings were so stupid and brutish because of their size. But since both you and the Doctor are so large - and not at all brutish - it would seem that we were wrong in our reasoning." The rest of the webbing fell away.

"Can I get up now?"

"Just a moment. I want to get up on this rock - just in case. All clear."

Sarah sat up gingerly. The cave seemed to have gotten darker. The last place the voice had been coming from was - there by her feet and there was a small rock nearby.

"You don't happen to have a light, do you?" she said to the rock.

"I have a bit of glow, but not much. We can use it to get out."

"I've got to find the Doctor. He may be in trouble."

"Don't you want to escape yourself?"

"Of course," Sarah stood up carefully. "But I've got to help the Doctor first."

"Why?"

"Because he's my friend. Don't you help your friends?"

"I don't understand. What is a friend?"

Sarah was nonplused. "Look, I haven't got time now to talk about it. I should think you'd want to help the Doctor - he's been trying to help you." There was no answer. "Very well, have a nice trip out." She looked around, trying to determine which way to go.

"I'll come with you. I don't quite understand why I should, but I will."

"All right then. Which way?"

"The ones who caught you went through the opening on your right. Since we're going together, may I ride on your shoulder?"

"Of course, that way I'll know where you are." Sarah put her hand out toward the rock and felt a tiny weight crawl into it. Definitely a human type - not a whatever - she could feel the little feet and two arms clasped her thumb. She lifted her hand to her shoulder and felt the weight transfer. The little body settled down in the curve of her neck, clasping her hair.

"Must be like riding an elephant." Sarah muttered.

"What is an elephant?" The Princess inquired.

"A very large animal on the planet I come from."

"Larger than you?"

"Heaps. Now, which way?"

With the Princess' help, Sarah found her way through a maze of tunnels and caves. The walls and floor of the caves were wet and Sarah slipped and fell often. Once, she stopped, almost sobbing, just at the edge of what seemed to be a bottomless chasm.

"Why don't you go back?" asked the Princess. "You're afraid."

"Of course I'm afraid!" Sarah caught her breath and scrambled up to a safer place. "It's cold and damp and dark and anyone with any sense at all would be afraid. But I'm not going back. The Doctor's down here somewhere - and he's probably in trouble - and I've got to help him. He's counting on me."

"He is expecting you?"

"Of course he is. He knows I wouldn't leave him alone, in trouble. He wouldn't leave me - if it was me down there."

"And he is your friend?"

"Yes."

"Friends do this for each other?"

"Of course."

"Would you do this for me?"

"I expect so."

"Even though you've never seen me?"

"Well, what's that got to do with anything?"

"I'm sorry. I thought it might."

"Seeing someone or not seeing someone doesn't make a bit of difference. Of course I'd help you if you were in trouble. Now hush - I think I can hear noises."

They hid outside a very large opening. From inside they could hear voices.

"I say we kill him now."

"It will be better if we wait until later and kill them both at the same time. Railus will rejoice to have two such sacrificed to him on the eve of his high festival."

"Then let us join the others in the place of the gathering."

Sarah waited for the Groundlings to leave and then slipped into the cave. She could see the Doctor swaddled in glistening threads like some kind of mummy.

"Doctor, it's me." She knelt down beside him; the figure twitched in response.

"Do not touch him. The threads will only cling to you too. Help me down to him and I will free him."

She lifted the Princess down and watched as the webbing began to fall apart.

"Don't move, Doctor. We'll have you out in a minute."

"There. Your hand, Sarah. I do not like this damp floor." She put out her hand and lifted the Princess to her shoulder again. Was she hearing things, or had there been a tremor in the Princess' voice?

"I don't like damp floors much either," the Doctor said as he stood up. "What are you doing down here, Sarah. I told you to wait outside."

"Well, it's a good thing I didn't." Sarah snapped back. "They're getting ready to sacrifice you to some god."

"That's the idea I got too. And what is the Princess doing with you?"

"Sarah and I came together. We are - friends."

"Oh are you now?" Even in the dark Sarah could see the glint of his teeth as he smiled. "That's a development."

"Doctor, let's get out of here."

"I haven't gotten very far talking to them, and that is what I came for."

"Would you go on even now - that you have seen what they are like?" The Princess asked.

"I told your mother I would. Come along, you two. I think we'll find someone to talk to this way."

With a sigh, Sarah followed him. If she was going to get captured again, it might as well be with company.

"Is he always this stubborn?" The Princess whispered in her ear.

"Sometimes it's worse." Sarah whispered back.

The Doctor stopped by an opening. Sarah could see a flicker of light from the room inside.

"If I've judged rightly, we'll come out on a ledge above their heads and too high to be netted. Maybe this time they'll listen." He glanced at Sarah and the Princess, bent down, and slipped through the opening. Sarah followed. The Princess was clutching her hair for dear life. They emerged on a ledge. It overlooked a blazing fire, banked with stone, and surrounded by little men and women. They were broad about the shoulders and arms - very strong for their size, and something over three feet tall. Sarah remembered the push that had knocked her down in the cave above.

"Doctor," she hissed excitedly, "I can see them!"

"Ssh," the Doctor maneuvered to the widest spot on the ledge and Sarah followed. She closed her eyes and swallowed. For someone who disliked heights, her travels with the Doctor put her up on them far more often than she would have preferred.

"Peoples of the Earth!" the Doctor called out. The group below turned almost in unison, locating the source of the voice and gathering weapons for an attack. "I would speak with your leader." His voice carried easily over the mumbling below. "I have come in peace and I bring a message for you from the People of the Air."

A dark man stepped forward. "I am Crik, the leader of the People of the Earth. You say you come in peace - but you come from our deadliest enemies. How can any such message be one of peace?"

"Enemies need not always stay enemies." the Doctor responded. "I know of lots of people who, when they got to know one another, weren't enemies at all," he continued quite casually.

"We do not wish to know the People of the Air. We only wish to destroy them."

"They wish to stop this war between you. After all, there really isn't much sense to it. You have your lives and they have theirs - and it's a pretty big planet. Room enough for everyone."

"They know nothing of the bonding. We could never trust such savages."

"We are not savages," the Princess shouted. Sarah felt a tug on her hair as she stood up.

There was a murmur from the crowd as they realized that one of their enemies was in their midst.

"Have you brought an enemy into our most sacred place?" Crik asked.

"I am the Princess Rine - and you have sacrificed enough of our people here so that one of us alive would be only a novelty."

"Why have you come here with these strangers? None of you has ever voluntarily come into our dwellings.

"My mother asked these people to bring a message to you - that we truly desired peace."

"And she ordered you to come with them?"

"No! I came on my own. These are my friends. I did not wish them to walk into danger alone." For all the brave words - and even the tone of voice - Sarah could sense that the Princess was scared.

"Do you claim then to know of bonding?"

"I do not know of bonding, but I know of friendship."

Crik scowled at them. "Stay there, we must meet in council and discuss this." He summoned some of the others and they gathered in a corner. The Doctor and Sarah sat down.

"What's going on?" Sarah asked.

"I'm not certain. Apparently 'bonding' is very important to these people." He made a face. "It might even be their religion. And until now, they felt that the People of the Air could not understand it."

"And because they didn't understand it, they were creatures to be destroyed."

"Apparently. Tell me, Princess, when you fight, and one of your people is hurt or captured, do you make any effort to help that person?"

"If they're captured, no. If they're hurt and we can get them out without danger, we will. That's the way it always has been."

"And now?"

"From being with you and Sarah, I can see that there may be more important things than one's own life. This thing you call friendship - it makes a difference. And we have noticed that the Ground- People of the Earth act differently when one of their kind is hurt or captured."

"What do you think about that?"

"I'm not sure. But certainly people who can care for others in that way are not quite the savage brutes we had always thought."

"No, they're not."

"Doctor, Crik's coming back," Sarah said.

Crik stood beneath them and scowled up at them. "We have decided. We will agree to a truce between our peoples from now until you become Queen. During that time we will meet with you and your people in a neutral place and discuss how - and if - we can create a lasting peace. When you become Queen, we will make our final decision."

"Those terms are fair, and on behalf of my people I will agree to them. As we learn more about each other it will be easier to find out how we can live together."

"Yes." A smile transformed Creik's face to something almost human. "We - both - have much to learn."

"By taking small steps together, I think you'll find the learning easier," said the Doctor.

"We can try."

"We will try," added the Princess.

"Now that that's settled, we'll be off." The Doctor stood up and smiled at the people below. "Thank you for your - hospitality." He grinned and went out the opening. Sarah got up hurriedly and followed. She had to hang on to the Doctor's scarf (and the princess was hanging on very tightly to her) as they crawled and climbed out of the underground warren.

Outside again, Sarah thought that she had never before realized how wonderfully warm the sun could make a world. She took a deep breath and looked around. A dragonfly was coming toward them.

"I shall have to leave you now. I must take the news of what has happened to my mother and the council. Will you be all right?"

"Oh yes, we'll get back to the TARDIS in good time. Are you quite sure you don't want us to go with you?"

"I'll be fine." The dragonfly hovered by Sarah's shoulder and she felt the Princess step off. The dragonfly flew a short distance away and then turned back. "Is it always like this?"

Even the Doctor was thrown by that nonsequitur. "What?"

Sarah blinked. She could have sworn that for a few seconds she had seen something on the dragonfly.

"I mean, when you have a friend and you have to say goodbye to them and even though nothing's wrong you feel unhappy."

Sarah blinked again. She could see a tiny figure on the dragonfly. Looking as delicate as she had felt, the Princess had long golden hair and a small diadem on her head. Her gossamer gown was a flowing blue and Sarah felt as though one of the illustrations from her childhood fairy stories had come to life.

"Princess - I can see you!"

"Can you, Sarah? I am so glad. But I wish even more now that you were not going."

"But this isn't our world. Do all you can to bring peace to it, and perhaps the Doctor and I will return someday for a visit."

"I hope you will." The Princess sighed. "We all have so much to learn and do."

"But you've made a start, and we have to be on our way," the Doctor said brusquely.

The Princess looked questioningly at Sarah as the Doctor turned and headed toward the forest. Sarah motioned to her and she flew closer. "He hates to say goodbyes," Sarah whispered.

The Princess started to laugh and then quickly suppressed it. She grinned mischievously at Sarah. "Goodbye, Sarah Jane. Return soon."

"I'll try." Sarah grinned back and then set off to catch up with the Doctor.

Neither of them spoke until they got back to the TARDIS.

"Doctor," she watched him setting the coordinates on the TARDIS control panel. "Do you think they'll be all right?"

"Possibly. At least they're talking to each other - and that's more than happened on your planet." He flipped a lever and scowled at the result.

"You mean that there really were fairies and elves and such on Earth?"

"I didn't say were."

"Do you mean that there still are!"

"I didn't say that either. Why do you always have to be asking questions?"

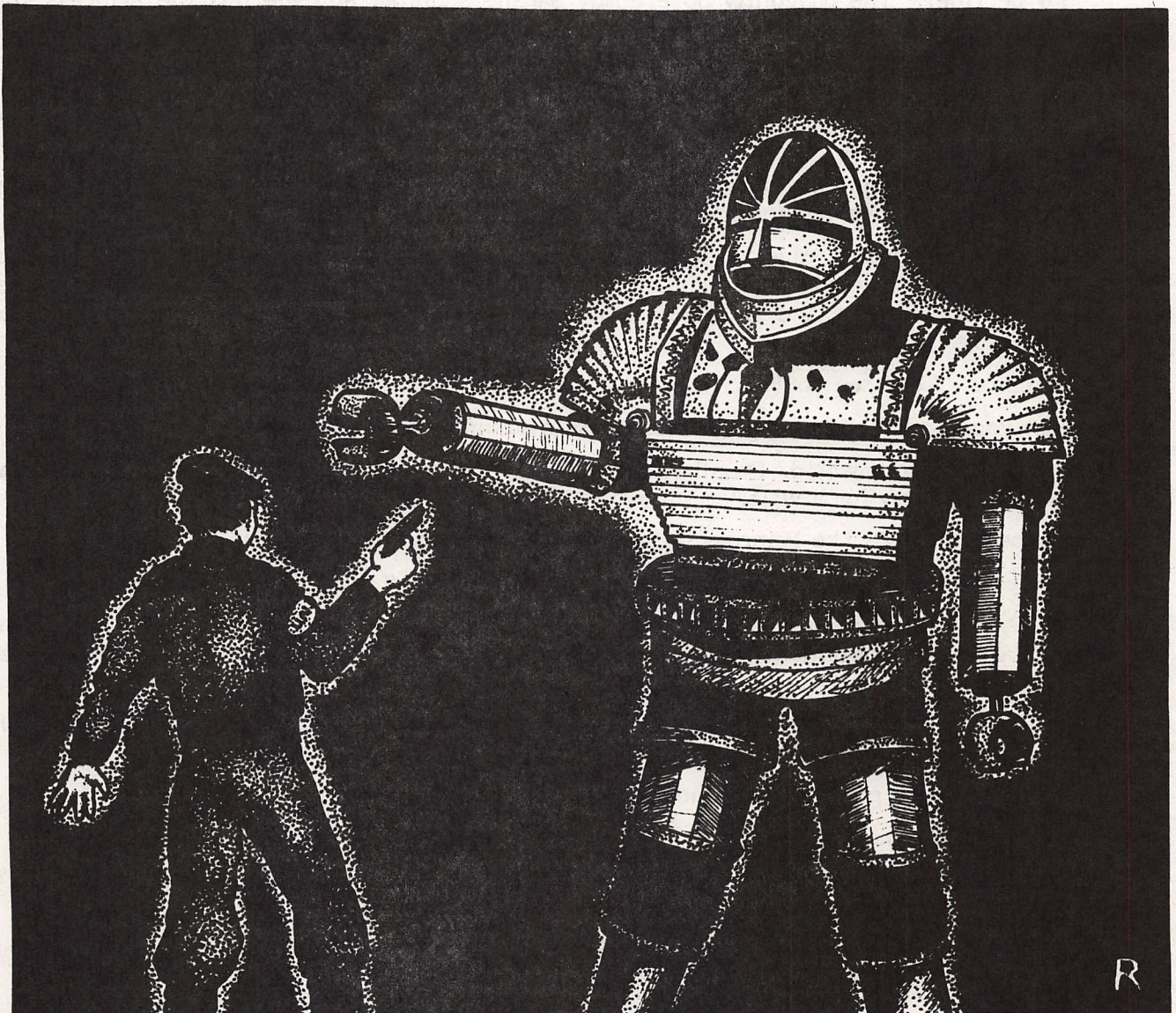
"Because you don't give sensible answers!" She watched him set another sequence into the console. This time he seemed pleased with the result. "Doctor, how could people live without knowing about friendship?"

"It's not easy, Sarah - but it's worse knowing what a friend could be and not having one." His face looked very bleak.

"Well, we're friends aren't we?" She said cheerfully.

"We certainly are, Sarah," he smiled at her and flicked the dematerialization lever.

As the TARDIS disappeared they were still smiling at each other.



TWINKLE, TWINKLE

by Laurie Haldeman

It's a waste of time
To stand here scanning the stars.
He'll never come back. . .
Not with the whole of the Universe to roam.
No use expecting Napoleon to visit Elba
For sentiment's sake.

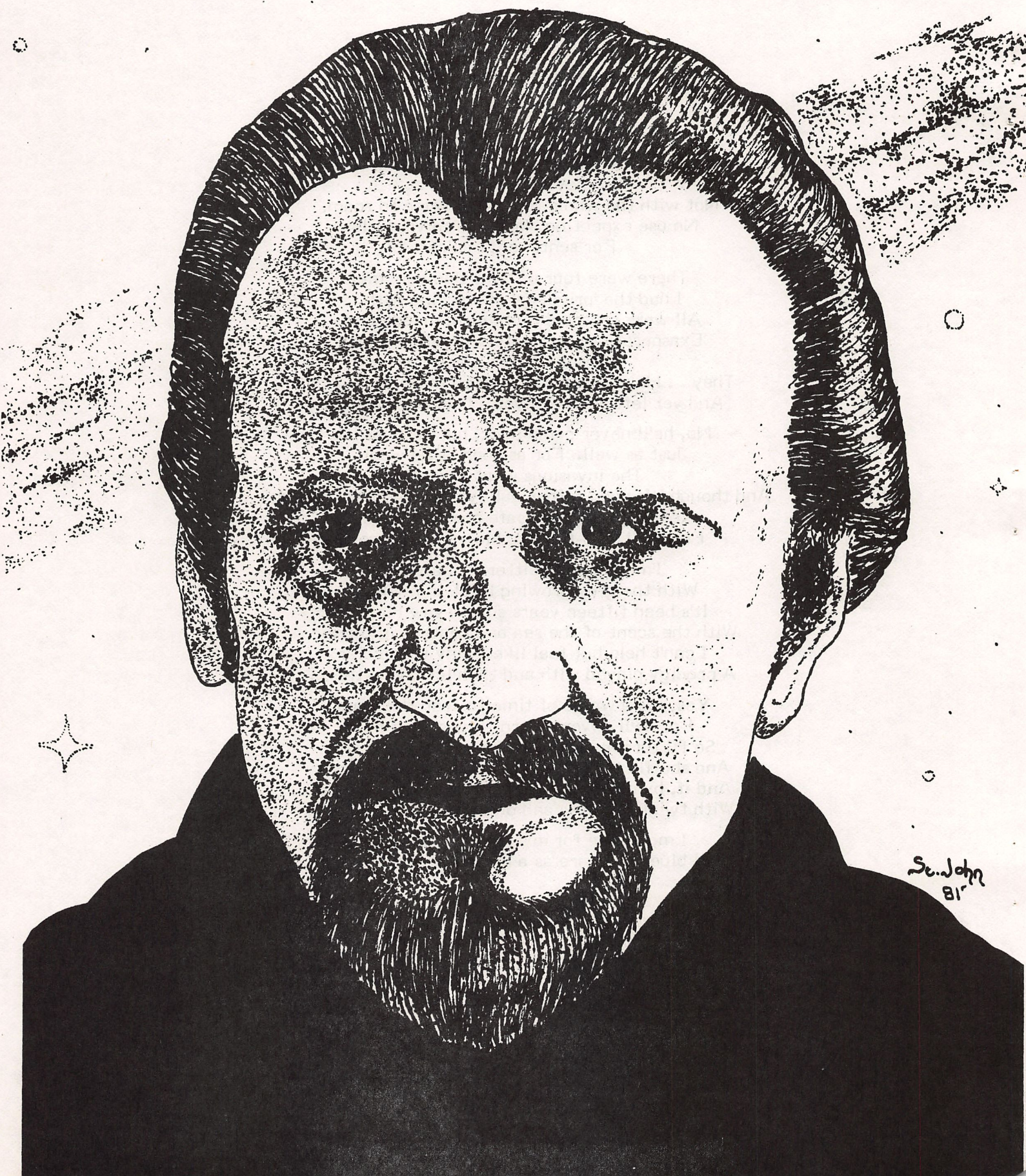
There were four of him, God help me,
I had the 'privilege' of working with.
All were crotchety, childish, maddening,
Exasperating, completely unreliable, and
Absolutely brilliant.
They . . . He risked his life for us more than once
And yet left without ever a backward glance.

No, he'll never come back, but perhaps it's
Just as well. For as soon as he went,
The invasions went as well.
And though it's been rather dull, we've muddled through
Keeping the Earth safe and secure . . .
For the home-folks to blow it all to hell.

I'm becoming bitter, I'm afraid,
With the grey growing thick in my hair.
It's been fifteen years since I saw him off
With the scent of the sea and heather in the air.
I can't help but feel like a tiny tin soldier
A prodigy played with and then left lying there.

Yes, it's a waste of time to scan the stars
For he'll never return, why should he?
So I'll turn my back on the empty night sky
And shuffle the papers once again on my desk,
And if, by chance, a visitor should ever appear
With twinkling eyes and outrageous notions . . .

I might see for myself just how good
Tall blue boxes are as a means of locomotion!



St. John
81

RETURN OF EVIL

by Rob St. John

The Master makes a comeback - and he's better than ever!

Charming and hypnotic. Clever and devious. But decidedly evil. What enemy of the universe other than the Master would fill this description? And now, after four years, the Doctor's sworn archenemy has once again returned to plague the Time Lord, his companions, and the entire universe.

The Master first appeared in the eighth season Jon Pertwee episode, "Terror of the Autons". It was in this episode we find out that, like the Doctor, the Master is a Time Lord who fled Gallifrey by stealing a TARDIS (unlike the Doctor's TARDIS, however, both the chameleon and navigation devices are intact). The Master did not leave Gallifrey to gain knowledge, as did the Doctor, but to gain absolute power. It is also revealed that the two have long been enemies, stemming from their rivalry at the Time Academy in their school days together.

For the next three seasons the Master would appear periodically, sometimes enlisting the aid of aliens, but always scheming for power. Never an episode would go by without his hatred for the Doctor and his interference causing the Master to pull out a gun and utter those often used words. "Goodbye, Doctor". Obviously, though, the Master was never successful either in his plans to eradicate the Doctor or to conquer the universe.

In eight stories during the Pertwee era, the Master was portrayed by the charming veteran actor, Roger Delgado. He was a tall, elegant man, always dressed in black. His straight, dark hair and goatee-styled beard gave the appearance of the Devil himself. Delgado had given the character so much life and it was, indeed, sad news and a great loss when he died in an auto crash in 1973 while filming a movie in Spain. Fans of "Doctor Who" thought they had lost the much loved archenemy of the Doctor forever...until 1976.

In the fourteenth season Tom Baker episode, "The Deadly Assassin", the Master's return was featured, as portrayed by actor Peter Pratt. Having recklessly used his regenerations, the Master came to the end of his regeneration cycle prematurely. But his will refused to permit him to die and, as a result, his cellular structure became extremely emaciated, as reflected in his now horrifying skeletal appearance. In "The Deadly Assassin", the Master lures the Doctor to Gallifrey as a scapegoat for the murder of the President of the Supreme Council. He also planned to steal the power of the Eye of Harmony, the nucleus of all Time Lord power and use it to, among other things, restore his regenerative ability. In the end, though, he flees Gallifrey, having only partially succeeded by regaining renewed strength.

This episode left the door open for new confrontations between the two renegades, but we had to wait another four years to see one.

In the eighteenth season Tom Baker episode, "The Keeper of Traken", the Doctor and Adric (Matthew Waterhouse) meet the dying Keeper of the Source. The Source is a mysterious power which centers around the planet Traken and its inhabitants. The Keeper enlists the Doctor's help to make sure no one evil becomes the next Keeper.

When the Doctor arrives, his investigation shows that mysterious deaths and evil deeds surrounding the election of a new Keeper seem to stem from Kassia, a consul of the Keeper, and her devotion to a robot/statue named Melkur. The Doctor befriends Tremas, one of the candidates for the next Keeper, and his gentle daughter Nyssa.

Bit by bit, it becomes apparent that a third party is at work. But it is not until the fourth episode that we discover who it is. The Doctor soon finds himself inside Melkur (which is actually a TARDIS in disguise), face-to-face with the still emaciated Master. The Master explains that his plan is to become the next Keeper of Traken so that he may utilize the Source to regenerate and conquer the universe.

As the process of becoming Keeper begins, though, something goes terribly wrong and the Master disappears, having only been Keeper for a short time.

Things turn out for the better when he disappears, and a new Keeper is inaugurated. The Doctor and Adric say their farewells and leave. But it's not quite over yet! Tremas notices a grandfather clock(!) in the great hall. He goes to inspect it and, when he touches the clock face, he is suddenly paralyzed. The clock door creaks open and the familiar figure of the Master steps out. "Soooo..." he hisses. "A new body - at last!" Using the power he gained from his brief reign as Keeper of the Source, the Master merges into Tremas' body which, in turn, regenerates into a more youthful Tremas with straight, dark hair and a devilish pointed beard, much like Roger Delgado's Master (note that the name Tremas is an anagram for Master!). "A new body...at last!" repeats the Master in a new, strong steady voice. He walks back into his TARDIS and dematerializes. Nyssa walks in, calling, "Father? Where are you?" And, thus, with a cliffhanger, ends "The Keeper of Traken".

In "Logopolis", the Doctor arrives on Earth only to find that the Master has followed. There, Tegan, a young Australian air stewardess, and her aunt get a flat tire. Thinking that the TARDIS is a real police box, Tegan walks inside it to call for help. But while she's inside, her aunt encounters the Master. Using his matter condensation pistol, he shrinks her, crushing the life out of her. The Doctor finds the corpse, and, realizing the Master can track him down, leaves with Tegan and Adric in the TARDIS in the hope that the Master will leave Earth and follow.

Once on Logopolis, the Doctor, Adric, Tegan, and Nyssa (brought to Logopolis at the Doctor's request) encounter the Master again. In a spur-of-the-moment mischievousness, the Master encloses Logopolis in a bubble of silence. Unfortunately, this turns out to be lethal to the Logopolitans, and they begin to die.



The seriousness of the situation becomes apparent when the Monitor of Logopolis reveals that the Logopolitans have long been holding the universe together by keeping holes in the fabric of space (known as Charged Vacuum Emboitements) open to stave off decay. Now, with Logopolis itself dying, the whole universe is soon to follow.

The Master realizes his mistake and, knowing he doesn't want to die, he and the Doctor shake hands and agree to cooperate. Going into action fast, the Doctor sends Adric and Nyssa away in his TARDIS, but Tegan insists on staying with him in case the Master tries to pull something.

The interplay between Tegan and the Master is reminiscent of the days with Delgado's Master and Jo Grant. For instance, when the Monitor dies a particularly agonizing death, the Master Comments, "Horrible." Tegan turns to him and sarcastically replies, "No worse than being shrunk to death."

The Doctor and the Master go to the Logopolitan main control room, where the C.V.E.s have been controlled by using a giant radio telescope dish modeled after those on Earth. They remove the computer's bubble memory, and all three leave in the Master's TARDIS.

They rematerialize as a white pillar in the Jodrell Bank Radio Telescope control room - the radio telescope which the Logopolitans modeled theirs after. The Doctor and the Master connect the bubble memory and reopen a C.V.E.. But unknown to the Doctor, the Master has built a mechanism with which he can close or open the C.V.E. at will from his TARDIS. He plans to blackmail the universe to accept him as ruler or he will close the C.V.E..

The Doctor runs out to the radio dish to pull out the cable which would stop the Master's plan. The Master follows and after a brief struggle on the dish, he returns to the control and simply starts tilting the dish, with the Doctor still on it. The Doctor starts slipping, but makes one last desperate lunge and successfully pulls out the cable, and falls a hundred feet to the ground in the process. The Master, seeing this simply laughs. Even though his plan has failed, he believes he has killed the Doctor. He enters his TARDIS and dematerializes just as security guards burst into the control room. Of course, the Doctor himself regenerates minutes later, but that's a different story...

So, the Master has returned...and what a return it's been! New pathways have been paved for even more confrontations between the two. Now, it's only a matter of time!

EPISODES WITH THE MASTER

ROGER DELGADO:

- "Terror of the Autons" by Robert Holmes (4 episodes, 1/2/71-1/23/71)
- "The Mind of Evil" by Don Houghton (6 episodes, 1/30/71-3/6/71)
- "The Claws of Axos" by Bob Baker & Dave Martin (4 episodes, 3/13/71-4/3/71)
- "Colony in Space" by Malcom Hulke (6 episodes, 4/10/71-5/15/71)
- "The Daemons" by Guy Leopold (5 episodes, 5/22/71-6/19/71)
- "The Sea-Devils" by Malcom Hulke (6 episodes, 2/26/72-4/1/72)
- "The Time Monster" by Robert Stoman (6 episodes, 5/20/72-6/24/72)
- "Frontier in Space" by Malcom Hulke (6 episodes, 2/24/73-3/31/73)

PETER PRATT:

- "The Deadly Assassin" by Robert Holmes (4 episodes, 10/30/76-11/20/76)

ANTHONY AINLEY:

- "Keeper of Traken" by Johnny Byrne (4 episodes, 1/17/81-2/7/81)

Produced by John Nathan-Turner, Executive Producer: Barry Letts, Script Editor: Christopher H. Bidmead, Director: John Black

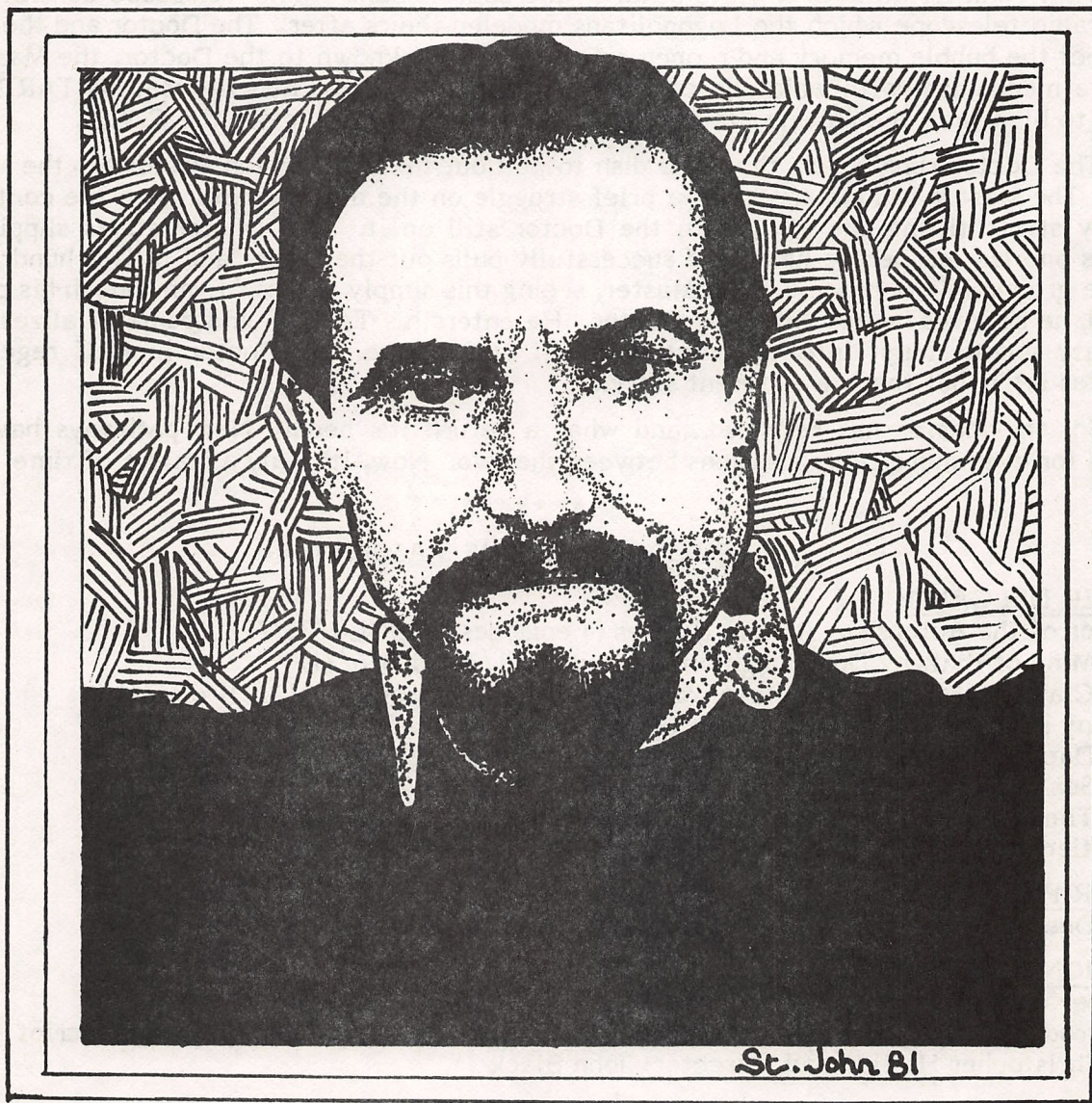
CAST: The Doctor - Tom Baker
Tremas/The Master - Anthony Ainley
The Master (emaciated)/Melkor - Geoffrey Beevers
Adric - Matthew Waterhouse
Nyssa - Sarah Sutton
The Keeper - Dennis Carey
Kassia - Sheila Ruskin

"Logopolis" by Christopher H. Bidmead (4 episodes, 2/14/81-3/7/81)

Produced by John Nathan-Turner, Executive Producer: Barry Letts, Script Editor:
Christopher H. Bidmead, Director: Peter Grimwade

CAST: The Doctor(s) - Tom Baker & Peter Davison

The Master - Anthony Ainley
The Monitor - John Fraser
Tegan - Janet Fielding
Nyssa - Sarah Sutton
Adric - Matthew Waterhouse
Security Guard - Christopher Hurst



St. John Bl

THE KEEPER OF TRAKEN'S LAMENT

(To the tune of "I Don't Want No More of Army Life")

by Connie Faddis and Laurie Haldeman

If you're Keeper of Traken,
 You haven't got a prayer;
 You're saddled with the Source
 And you're bolted in the chair --

CHORUS:

Oh, I don't want no more of Keeper Life!
 Doctor, I wanna go --
 But they won't let me go --
 Doctor, I wanna go roam!

They say the Source is nifty,
 They say the Source is fine.
 I say the Source is just like
 A lifer doing time!

(CHORUS)

My hands and toes are frozen,
 My neck is mighty sore,
 And, Lord, I just can't take
 Sitting on my ass no more!

(CHORUS)

I'd trade it to a Counciler,
 I'd trade it to a mule,
 I'd trade it to a Melkur --
 Or any bleedin' fool!

(CHORUS)

They don't have any comics,
 Nor even TV, too.
 They won't send out for pizza --
 Or let you use the lool!

(CHORUS)

THE DOCTOR TO DATE: NOVEMBER, 1981

by Hawk

He comes without warning - save for the groaning, wheezing clank and clatter of a relative dimensional stabilizer in materialization stage - appearing whenever and wherever the universe or some portion of it is about to become totally and irrevocably unglued. Armed with a bizarre array of technological goodies, a monumental intellect with an ego to match, assisted by a series of companions he soon puts everything to right before jumping aboard his faithful TARDIS and vanishing over the cosmic horizon. And we all sleep a little more soundly knowing that somewhere and somewhen the Doctor is out there, whizzing about Creation like some sort of happy Flying Dutchman, ready to battle (and more importantly, defeat) evil and nastiness in all their forms.

The rebel Time Lord made his first appearance on the planet Earth in the shape of a brilliant though eccentric scientist who appeared to be some sixty years old and lived with his granddaughter, a young girl named Susan. Despite the obvious age of his body, the Doctor was alert and vigorously active. While always ready to assist anyone in need, he had scant patience for those less intelligent than he - and this included just about everyone. Along with this irritable nature he could be childishy selfish and secretive when pursuing some personal interest. His dress at that time was old-fashioned and formal.

After wresting control of Earth from the invading Cybermen, the Doctor's body finally wore out. In the space of a few hours he aged visibly to an alarming extent, finally collapsing into unconsciousness in the TARDIS.

He should have regenerated a long time previously but had been delaying because of his fondness for that particular form. That delay could have proven fatal, for his weakening body had by then lost control of its regenerative ability. But his collapse activated a mechanism in the circuits of the TARDIS and the time ship itself thrust the Doctor into a second incarnation, rescuing him from death.

But regeneration produces a completely different body - with a personality that combines elements of the old and new. The Doctor's appearance was now much younger, his temperament modest and unassuming. The crotchety old Time Lord became a livelier and gentler character. The formal and old fashioned dress now gave way to more eccentric and extravagant (although scruffy) costumes. He also displayed a fondness for extraordinary hats and playing the recorder. But the brilliance of his mind and the force of his character remained unchanged.

In need of help to combat the terrible threat of the War Lords, he called upon the Time Lords for assistance. The War Lords were blocked, but the Time Lords also took the Doctor prisoner. He was returned to Gallifrey and put on trial for his theft of the TARDIS and his interference in the affairs of other races. He offered no apology for his actions, instead making an impassioned speech claiming the Time Lords had a moral obligation to use their powers as he had, to fight evil and assist the weak and oppressed.

The Doctor was found guilty but his speech had not been without effect. He was sentenced to exile on twentieth century Earth.

To enforce their sentence of exile they erased the TARDIS dematerialization codes from the Doctor's memory, and damaged the dematerialization circuit. The renegade Time Lord advised his judges that his identity was too well known on Earth for him to be safe or even inconspicuous, so the Gallifreyans provided him with another regeneration (one of their own choosing).

The Doctor's new incarnation took the form of a handsome and elegant character. He

was now tall and lean, with a splendid mane of white hair and more than ever a man of James-Bond-style action and adventure. Still brilliant and curious and willing to help others, he now adopted the most elegant dress he had ever worn, donning a velvet jacket, frilled shirt, and a cape. He had lost his flamboyant sense of humor, however, forced into a more sober disposition by his lack of control over his ability to move about.

With the TARDIS out of commission he had to be content with more conventional forms of travel. He acquired "Bessie" - an Edwardian roadster - his "Whomobile" - a cross between a racing car and a flying saucer - , and used hovercraft, speedboats, and even a helicopter. He became even more involved with UNIT, the organization he had aided earlier as a scientific advisor. In this capacity he helped save Earth from a number of attempted alien takeovers.

Finally, as a reward for defeating yet another renegade Time Lord, Omega, the Time Lords restored his knowledge of time travel and the TARDIS dematerialization circuit.

The universe beckoned once more and the Doctor followed. After one trip, he returned to Earth bearing a strange blue crystal from the planet Metebelis Three - a crystal the planet's giant spider inhabitants wanted returned. The Doctor was transported back to the planet where, after leading its human inhabitants against the spiders who had enslaved them, he defeated the Great Queen of the Spiders. In the process, however, he was bombarded by the lethal radiation present in her cave and returned to Earth on the verge of death.

Survival made another regeneration essential - immediately.

The new body was still tall and thin but much younger in appearance. The handsome face was less lined and a riot of curly brown hair had replaced the dignified white locks. He still had a prominent nose and sparkling blue eyes.

His character now seemed to be a mixture of his previous three selves, combined with its own unique elements. He had the brilliance and strong will of his first incarnation, the sense of humor of the second, the charm and warmth of the third, and the curiosity and altruism present in all three. He also possessed a unique effervescent and eccentric vitality as well as a bit of absentmindedness. Moreover, this new Doctor was sharper and somewhat more ruthless than his previous selves. While disapproving of unnecessary violence, he was quite ready to fight with whatever means necessary for a good cause.

The Doctor's fourth incarnation dressed in the manner of a flamboyant Edwardian music hall performer, wearing a frock coat, a soft felt hat, and a striped scarf of seemingly interminable length. He was fond of pockets and kept his own well-stocked with a remarkable variety of items. There was no telling what he was apt to pull out be it marbles, jelly babies, the sonic screwdriver, or a cricket ball.

In this incarnation he saved Gallifrey itself from an invasion of Vardans and Sontarans, and found the Key to Time for the all-powerful White Guardian (incurring the wrath of the equally powerful Black Guardian in the process).

Time passed, and that threat faded into obscurity. But still another sinister force was at work in the Universe - the Doctor's old nemesis, the Master. Through the power of the Source of Traken, the Master cheated death and passed beyond his twelfth regeneration. Then, in a bid for ultimate power, he unleashed the forces of entropy upon the universe. The Doctor and the Master found themselves in an uneasy alliance attempting to avert the destruction of the Universe. On the verge of success, the Master treacherously attempted to hold the Cosmos for ransom, threatening to allow its destruction unless accepted by all as supreme leader. His efforts were thwarted by the Doctor in a battle between the two on top of a mammoth radar dish. Risking all his lives, the Doctor succeeded, but fell from the catwalk to bodily death. Another incarnation had come to an end.

But like the phoenix arising from its own ashes, the Time Lord regenerated into yet another form before the startled eyes of his companions. Our hero lives to fight another day.

THE CASIOS OPERATION

by Carolyn G. Lynn

Opening the TARDIS door, Sarah Jane Smith stepped out into a strange, new world. She had learned to expect the unexpected; something that was a major requirement when it came to dealings with the Doctor. They had set a course for Nerva Space Station to visit the colonists there some 10,000 years into Earth's (and Sarah's) future. It wasn't at all surprising, then, to find that the TARDIS had instead landed on one of the smaller, apparently uninhabited planets of the Cassiopian Constellation, a world listed on the Doctor's astral maps as Casios. Goodness knew what year it was, or if it really mattered. Despite the Doctor's protests that he knew exactly where they were going at all times (9 times out of 10. Well, actually, 8 times out of 10 .. um-er ... 7 times ...), he frequently ended up somewhere else altogether. Luckily, this was one of the better diversions.

Sarah had stepped out into a glade that was like something out of a fairy tale. Thick green-blue grass blanketed sloping ground, spotted with bright gold and pink flowers that twinkled in the sunlight. Trees with shining green leaves bowed reverently to a scented breeze. A few yards away from where the TARDIS had landed sunlight glimmered on water, casting mirrored reflections upon the undersides of the leaves of the trees lining the banks. Shading her eyes with the palm of her hand, Sarah looked up and felt a thrill upon seeing the blue, cloudless sky. It was a glorious day, crowned with sunlit warmth and unspoiled countryside. And no signs of sentient life anywhere.

Breathing deeply of the fragrant breeze, she started toward the inviting water, feeling the grass bend and spring back under her feet as she skipped along. Winding her way around the trees, she lept up and tried to touch the lower bough and found it just beyond the reach of her fingertips. Turning to face the TARDIS she continued to move backward toward the water in little bouncing steps.

"Doctor?" There was no reply to her call. Sarah vaguely wondered if he was still pouring over the astral charts in the main control room in an effort to discern why they had not arrived at Nerva. The thought vanished quickly as he emerged from the police box, locking the door behind him. He was carrying something that Sarah couldn't quite see through the trees.

Hearing her call, he started down the gentle slope toward the water. Sarah waited for him to join her before continuing onward. Or backward. She still had yet to turn about. Only when he was almost upon her did she recognize what he was carrying. Draped across one arm was a red and white checked tablecloth. Looped over the other was the handle of an old fashioned wicker picnic basket.

"Hello," he beamed, as though seeing her for the first time. Ignoring the obvious expression of delight that graced her features, the Doctor passed her and continued on to the lake. Standing on the bank, he looked first right, then left, then down. Placing the basket at his feet, he took the tablecloth and spread it on the grass near the water. Sarah knelt down opposite him and helped smooth it down. Satisfied, he crossed his long legs beneath him and sat, pulling the basket onto the cloth. He indicated that Sarah should also sit with a slight nod of his head. "Far better than any old luncheon of the Brigadier's, eh?" he chuckled, throwing back one of the top panels of the basket. Delving into its depths he removed a brown, oddly curved bottle of wine, cheese, crackers, grapes, sandwiches, chicken and a rhubarb pie. All of these he arranged meticulously on the cloth.

"It's amazing what one collects over the years." He tapped the cloth as he reached for the wine. "This was the flag of the Royal House of Blajare, given to me by his Lord the Baron some 200 years ago when they opted on adopting a new one. I've had it sitting in the



HAWKSON

cupboard in the secondary control room all of this time."

"Doctor?"

"Hm?" He uncorked the bottle. Sarah was about to point out the lack of paper cups in which to place the wine. Dipping his free hand back into the basket, the Doctor removed two exquisite crystal goblets by their stems and set them down on the cloth. He poured the pale, glimmering liquid from the bottle to the glasses' rim. "Did you say something?" he asked, handing her one of the goblets with a twinkle in his eye. Sarah accepted it and shook her head.

"Nothing," she murmured, sipping. The flavor was slightly sweet, laced with a hint of honey fragrance not unlike mead. Holding the glass before her, she looked questioningly at the liquid. Sunlight cast swirling rainbows through the finely cut crystal. The bottle had no label. "What is this?"

"Like it?"

"Mm-hm."

"Thought you would." He beamed, reaching for the cheese.

"But what is it?"

"What's what?"

"The wine? I've never tasted anything like it."

"Of course you haven't; it hasn't been made in well over 700 years."

"It doesn't taste like grapes."

"I should hope not." He placed some of the cheese on a cracker and popped it into his mouth, munching slowly.

"Then what's in it?"

The Doctor shrugged, taking another cracker. "A bit of this and that. I'm not quite sure."

"But what's the main ingredient?" she persisted.

"Honeysuckle, I think. Elderberry. Cinnamon. Vanilla bean. Ikaris. Little bit of everything. I've had it sitting in the sterile freezing unit all this time. It's held up quite well, don't you think?" and, cramming another cracker into his mouth, he sipped from his own glass. "It's a bit flat, in my opinion."

"Where did it come from?"

"Why don't you try the relish and mayonnaise on rye?" he prompted.

"Doctor ..."

"Aren't you hungry?"

Sarah sighed and gave up the interrogation. If the Doctor decided that he wasn't in the mood to go into details then that was the end of the matter. Placing it on the ever growing mental list of questions to be asked at another time, Sarah helped herself to some chicken. The trees sighed peacefully overhead, their leaves rustling in the gentle touch of the afternoon sun. Gazing out over the lake, she watched as the water rippled lazily. Something dropped into the midst of the lake with a sullen 'plunk', casting rings outward toward the bank.

"Make a wish." the Doctor told her, handing her a pebble and indicating the lake.

"A wish?" He nodded.

A child's game. Cast a stone into calm water and make a wish. If the rings that emanated outward were unbroken, then the wish would be granted. Accepting the stone that was held out to her, Sarah turned to the lake, and, bringing her arm back, threw the stone as far as she could. It hit the water not far from where the first stone had disappeared, and the rings blossomed outward.

"If I'm any judge, you have a wish coming to you."

"I think I'll save it for when I really need it," she smiled.

They ate the rest of the meal in silence. Sarah couldn't quite remember when the Doctor had eaten so much in one sitting. He polished off most of the cheese and crackers and a good portion of the sandwiches. As far as the pie was concerned, it was the Doctor who laid waste to that, devouring over half on his own. That was fine as far as Sarah was concerned. She wasn't partial to rhubarb pie and certainly not on top of chicken and wine. He not only had two hearts, he must have been harboring two stomachs as well -- one of them lined with steel.

"Let's look 'round," she said eagerly, rising to her feet and stretching.

"Thank you, no. I think I'll just sit here a while. It occurs to me that I've neglected my 500-year Diary, and now is as good a time as any to remedy that." Sarah frowned. Brushing one end of his scarf aside, the Doctor leaned down in the grass on one elbow. "Why don't you run along and make the most of it?"

"You won't go anywhere?"

"Wouldn't dream of it," he assured her. "At least, no further than the TARDIS. Enjoy yourself."

Sarah nodded and started off, skirting the shore of the lake. Traveling a few yards she turned to look back at the Doctor. He was still propped up on one elbow, a leather-bound book spread on the grass before him. The TARDIS was invisible through the trees. All around her it was still. There was only the quiet lapping of the water on the shore and the faint rustle of the wind through the trees.

There were no birds here; none that Sarah had seen. It reminded her of when she and Harry Sullivan had accompanied the Doctor from Nerva Space Station to Earth, 10,000 years after the solar flares, and had found a planet resplendent in nature's raw beauty. It was as devoid of animal life as where she stood now. Could this planet also have suffered such a fate, its inhabitants forced to flee until such a time as it was safe to return; or was this simply an unspoiled paradise? As beautiful as it was, Sarah suddenly felt very alone.

From the far edge of the lake, baleful eyes of luminous green-yellow followed Sarah's progress around the water's edge. Webbed feet slapped against the grass as the creature slid itself backward into the rocks and trees that grew there.

Sitting on the shore of the lake, Sarah started to remove her shoes, rolling up the legs of her pants to her knees. She could no longer see the Doctor since the shoreline had taken a sudden turn, and was lined with trees and bushes that grew close together. Pushing herself to her feet, she dipped a toe cautiously into the water, then pulled it back with a little giggle. It was pleasantly cold. Sliding her right foot under the glassy blue surface, she wriggled her toes in the mud. She waded into the lake, running her fingers through the water absently. She had no intention of letting the water level go above her knees. The mud slid under her feet, giving way to her weight. Beneath the surface of the rippling water a thick, leafy vine started to inch forward. It slithered across the bottom of the lake toward the pale ankle a few feet away.

The Doctor looked up from his 500-year Diary, casting a questioning glance to his left.

Was it his imagination or had he heard something moving in the trees there? Remaining perfectly still, he waited, head cocked and listening. There was no further sound. Shrugging, he bent back over his book and the web-footed thing in the woods drew closer. It slapped down on a dry twig that snapped loudly, bringing the Doctor's head up again. Closing the book with a snap, he popped it back into one of his many pockets and jumped to his feet.

"Hello?" he called in the direction from which the sound had come. "Anyone about?" There was no reply. Bending down he picked up a cracker. "Hungry?" he inquired of the silence. "There's plenty more left. You're welcome to help yourself."

A scream pierced the calm and the Doctor whirled, dropping the cracker. He waited only a second longer before he mouthed the word "Sarah" and was off and gone, leaving the mysterious sounds forgotten behind.

Sarah was trying to pull herself free of the vine that entwined her legs. It had firmly gripped her ankle and tugged, trying to pull her beneath the surface of the water. Thrashing about only seemed to tighten its hold on her, the steel-like vine refusing to relinquish its grasp no matter how hard she pulled or clawed. Already it had started to loop about her hips, tugging her to her knees. She did not hear the voice calling her over the sounds of her own hysterical cries, and thus did not see the Doctor come running through the trees.

He ran splashing into the water fully clothed without a moment's hesitation, bending down and grasping the thick base of the vine. A stray tendril wrapped itself about his wrist and squeezed. Pulling the sonic screwdriver from a pocket with his free hand, he quickly adjusted the setting with his thumb and aimed it at the base of the vine just below his hand. Water surged and bubbled as the slender device hummed. The vines encircling Sarah contracted and she screamed in pain.

"Hang on, Sarah!" he shouted over the whine of the sonic screwdriver. "Stay perfectly still!" He tugged at the vegetation, twisting the base until, finally, it pulled free of the mud with a slurping sound, dangling roots. The tendrils of green sagged and slid from around Sarah's waist; the vine gripping the Doctor's wrist fell away. Helping her to her feet, he guided Sarah out of the lake and over to where her shoes and socks lay. Dropping to the grassy bank she shivered in horror, eyes still watching the waters as though the vine would try and reach for her across the land. She sneezed.

The Doctor draped his jacket about her shoulders. "We don't want you catching a cold."

"What was that ... that thing?" she whispered.

He shook his head, looking darkly at the calm water of the lake. "It could have been any number of things. There are a thousand species of plants like them all over the galaxy," then, more to himself, "but never here." Sarah sneezed twice more, consecutively. "We'd best get you back to the TARDIS and into some dry clothing." Nodding, she hurriedly put on her socks and shoes, all too glad to be returning to the warmth and safety of the TARDIS after her ordeal. Together they started back to where they had set up their picnic.

A cold wind started to blow as they came within sight of the red checked tablecloth spread out on the grass. The sun was obscured by dark clouds that rolled across the sky emitting low, angry rumbles. The storm that now threatened them had come up as though someone had snapped their fingers and commanded it into being. Trees bowed low as the winds mounted, toppling the picnic basket and whipping away the tablecloth, dropping it into the water of the lake beyond reach. It fluttered, then sank. Scooping up scattered dishes and plates, the Doctor tossed them helter-skelter into the basket as Sarah stood by. Her eyes watched the black, boiling clouds overhead as they obliterated the once sparkling blue sky. Shivering, she pulled the jacket more tightly about her shoulders. With the basket handle over one arm, the Doctor grasped Sarah by the hand and started toward the TARDIS at a jog. A brilliant tongue of lightening flashed off in the distance.

They wove their way through the trees, back the way they had come. Sarah was having

trouble moving against the strong winds that sought to buffet them back toward the lake. Thunder roared overhead, followed closely by jagged bolts of white-hot brilliance. The rain came, not as it usually does in thunder storms - slowly at first in fat drops - but a solid sheet of water that soaked Sarah to the skin in a matter of seconds. She slipped on the wet grass and fell, skinning her knee on a jagged rock. The Doctor, still maintaining a grasp on her wrist, pulled her to her feet and threw an arm about her shoulders, propelling her onward. She could not recall when she had seen so violent and so sudden a storm. It seemed to pursue them up the slopes, threatening at any moment to throw them bodily against one of the trees growing there.

A familiar dash of blue through the thrashing boughs indicated where the TARDIS waited, and eagerly they picked up the pace. With wind and rain howling about them, they made for their only sanctuary. Sarah slipped again, twisting her ankle painfully beneath her as she did so. The Doctor dropped the basket and abandoned it, concentrating entirely on aiding her. She tried to stand and a sharp pain shot up through her leg, wrenching a cry from her. "I'll carry you," he shouted over the gale-force winds, but his words were snatched away. He bent to lift her, when something caught him about the waist and pulled backward, sending him sprawling.

The thick, leafy vine entwined the Doctor before he could regain his balance. It inched over his legs and arms, pinning them to the ground and rendering them useless. A stray tendril lashed out and encircled his neck, pulling taut. Crying out in alarm, Sarah scrambled to help him, tugging at the vine that was slowly throttling the Time Lord. She managed to slip her hand between the plant and the Doctor's throat, giving him the necessary slack to breathe. Suddenly his eyes grew wide and he cried out hoarsely, "Sarah!" She jumped, turning, and saw the second vine too late. Vines and branches seemed to spring from the very ground itself, pulling her away from the Doctor. She went down kicking and more vines encircled her, bringing back to mind her ordeal in the lake; squeezing until an oozing blackness started to veil her eyes.

The Doctor remained conscious long enough to see Sarah go limp under the writhing mass of vegetation, before he himself succumbed. The storm continued to rage around what appeared to be two newly formed bushes.

Light. Pink and suffused.

Sarah felt a tickle in her nose, rubbed it, and promptly sneezed. Sniffing, she wished for a handkerchief and groggily opened her eyes. There was a box of tissues on the end table beside the bed, right by the telephone. She rolled onto her side and reached out a hand to where the end table should have been. Instead her fingers grasped air. Puzzled, she rubbed her eyes and sat up, throwing her legs over the edge of the bed. Now where did that end table go? Her feet touched the floor. That was odd. Only one foot felt the cold and rough contours of the flooring. Rough contours? But her bedroom was carpeted! Looking down, Sarah saw that her right foot had been swathed in grey-green bandages, dripping with what appeared to be moss. She nearly gagged, and would have pulled them off had something else not caught her eye.

The Doctor lay on a cot not too far from her own. This alone was enough to wake Sarah completely. She was not home, safe and snug in her own bed. She was sitting in a room that appeared to have been carved from living rock with a low archway off to her left showing a corridor beyond. The ceiling was vaulted and covered with slime. Water trickled down the grey stone walls, seeping into the cracks that had formed, and yet the chamber was comfortably warm. Sliding off of her cot, a crude thing made of wood and padding but none the less comfortable, Sarah moved over to where the Doctor was, careful not to put any weight on her injured ankle.

His scarf had been removed and neatly folded, laying at the foot of the bedding in a pile

that included his jacket and brown-felt hat. A cloth steeped in a yellow fungus was wrapped loosely about his throat. It didn't seem to be causing him any pain for he was breathing normally (which, for a Gallifreyan, is 10 breaths per minute). Hesitantly, she touched the cloth and the Doctor's eyes snapped open. Disoriented for a moment, his gaze fell on Sarah. "Have I overslept?" Not waiting for an answer he sat up, swinging his long legs over the edge of the cot and jumping to his feet. At once he started to do a series of deep-knee bends, then, suddenly, he stopped and turned. "I was having the most amazing dream."

"With crawling vines?"

"Why yes, how did you know?"

"I think I had the same dream."

"Did you, now?" he exclaimed, as if this were a truly amazing thing indeed. His hand went to his throat and pulled loose the cloth that had been secured there. He peered at the yellow substance closely, sniffing at it, then rubbing some off on his finger, he touched it to his tongue. "Yes. How very interesting."

"What is it?"

"Valdaman." He saw that this meant nothing to her, and he hastened to explain: "A medication derived from a mixture of various molds. A painkiller, basically." He folded the cloth and dropped it onto the cot, stooping to his knees before Sarah. "Let's have a look," and he indicated her ankle. Oblidglingly, she sat down and allowed him to examine the swathing surrounding her foot. He poked and prodded, then rose. "Stand up."

"But - "

"Come on, girl, stand!" Reluctantly she obeyed, easing her weight onto the injured appendage. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. She started to hop about on the ankle and found that it was perfectly fine. There was no pain whatsoever. "Good as new, eh?"

"I don't understand."

"Someone knows their molds, I can tell you that much." While Sarah removed the cloth from around her ankle, he donned the clothing piled at the foot of the cot.

"Doctor," she hissed, her attention suddenly riveted on the archway. "Someone's coming."

Sarah recoiled as the creature entered the room. It was froglike and bi-pedal with a slight bend in posture. Both of its hands and feet possessed four digits and were webbed with greenish-grey skin. Great luminous yellow-green eyes shone like lanterns in the scales of the creature's flat head, and it had no ears or nose that were visible. It shuffled into the room with a pad-slap sound as its heel came down on the ground and the flipper followed, flapping onto the stone floor. The Doctor met the creature half-way, removing his hat with a gallant, sweeping gesture and bowing deeply, bobbing back up with an enchanting grin.

"I am Jens," the creature croaked in a voice that was so deep it would have scraped the floor could it be seen. "I am Prime Councilor, spokesman of my people."

"An honor, sir. May I introduce my companion, Miss Sarah Jane Smith." She afforded the creature a cursory nod of her head and a tentative smile. Jens, in return, nodded back. "And I am the Doctor."

"You are a Time Lord."

His smile did not falter, instead taking this in his stride, while Sarah wondered how the frog-creature could have known. Perhaps to some forms of life it was obvious. "I have that distinction, yes."

"My people have much need of your assistance, Doctor. We have a problem," and Jens



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padding nearer. He paused a moment, as though trying to capture a thought that had flitted beyond the bounds of memory. Sarah was sitting as far back on the Doctor's cot as she could possibly go. "Do you find me repulsive?" There was nothing bitter in the deep rumbling bass; nothing to indicate that this was other than a casual question between friends. Opening her mouth to reply, Sarah thought better of it and snapped it shut again. He wasn't much to look at, true, but there was something that went deeper than outer appearances. After all, she had met aliens who were physically appealing and who possessed the most vile of personalities. Keeping this in mind, she slid forward on the cot and stood, shaking her head with a genuinely warm smile in answer to his query.

"Good girl, Sarah," beamed the Doctor. "Now, what's this about a problem?"

"My people are Flograns."

"Amphibians."

"Similar, Doctor, though we can remain for an unlimited amount of time under the water as well as above it. Ours is a peace-loving race with no understanding of the ways of violence. My people spend their lives developing those means by which we may heal and do good for those who need our assistance."

"And your problem?"

"Once we were many, content to spend our lives around the banks of the waters that serve as our home. On the lands there came creatures in vehicles like gleaming silver balls. They ignored us at first, keeping to their ships and venturing forward only occasionally."

"How many of these balls arrived, Jens?"

"Four."

The Doctor nodded as though this had imparted some vital information. "Do go on."

Jens picked up his narrative. "One day, two of these creatures came forward. They were huge and lumbering, clad in bulky silver suits with domed helmets. All of my people who were within sight were mercilessly slaughtered. Those who escaped to the waters were few; we are all that remain."

"I take it then that this is a series of tunnels beneath the surface accessible only through the lake?"

"No, there is another opening concealed in the wood a short distance from the shoreline that has not been discovered. We could not carry you through the waters of the lake for you would surely drown."

"I see."

"I don't," protested Sarah. The Doctor only waved her to silence, urging Jens to continue.

"The scouts that we sent out to spy upon these creatures - for informative purposes only - told of bright lights in the sky that shot like rockets from the silver balls. The vegetation began to change, almost as though it had gained an intelligence of its own. The weather became erratic, first warm and balmy then freezing cold with sleet. Many scouts never returned."

"And how do you wish me to help you?"

"You are a Time Lord. You can reverse Time so that these creatures will be prevented from coming to our planet, can you not?"

"No, Jens, that's not within my power. Once something is done it's done. I may become part of a planet's history, but that is as it's meant to be, not by any designs of my own. If I

were to deter them from landing here they may find their way to a more populated planet, wrecking greater harm. No, if I'm to help you it will have to be in some other way."

"We wish no harm to come to these creatures. How can we be free of them and return our planet to the peace that once was without causing them ill?"

"There's always a way, Jens. You just have to find the door. In any case, I think I know enough about these visitors of yours to understand what we're dealing with. Tell me, did they stand about so tall?" and he raised a hand so that it was almost level with the tip of his ear. Jens nodded. "Ah. And did they ever remove their helmets?" Jens nodded again. "Kind of greenish-brown skin with little piggy eyes, hm?"

"Yes, yes, but how did you know?"

The Doctor looked significantly at Sarah to see if any of this was making sense to her. There was no question that she had finally started to get the drift of his questions. She didn't like the answers. "Sontarans," she whispered.

"And the lady wins a weekend in Blackpool. Right. They must be planning some new kind of strategy in their war against the Rutans."

"Using this planet as a military base of some kind?"

"I don't think so." He wandered over to the cot and sat down beside her, dipping his hand into a jacket pocket and pulling out a crumpled white bag. Silently he offered it to Sarah who shook her head and waved it away. Jens didn't seem interested in candy at the moment and also declined the offer. Shrugging, the Doctor popped a jellybaby into his mouth, juggling the bag from one hand to the other. "More than likely," he speculated between chews, "the ones that have landed are a scientific evaluation team working on some kind of chemical warfare." He dropped the bag into a pocket.

"Using the planet like a huge laboratory?"

"More likely a testing ground, I think. Now then, how to go about thwarting them. Should be easy enough. Sontarans aren't a very clever species on the whole. They're rather narrow-minded when you get down to it."

"What they lack in brains they make up for in brawn," Sarah reminded him.

"Yes, yes, I'm quite aware of that," he replied, irritably. "That just means we can't go barging in on them with a rolling pin. How many Sontarans have your patrols spotted on the whole?"

Jens cocked his head. "Three. No more."

The Doctor picked up the yellow stained cloth that had been bandaged about his throat and studied it like a man reading an interesting novel. "Doesn't seem too difficult. Tell me, Jens, how did you free us from the vines? I was rather convinced that we had become plant food."

"As I have said, the climate and weather is now erratic. At certain times in the cycle of the day the vines flourish and seek to destroy any living thing that moves. Storms come and go at a second's notice within these designated times, this much we have documented. You were spotted by one of our scouts who witnessed you consuming food by the water. It was not yet time for the cyclic change and so he did not approach you, thinking that you would leave before you were subjected to the danger.

"Lately the cycle has become less predictable. He witnessed the attack on you in the lake and hastened here to report. We realized that the danger was now incalculable to you and your companion. A small rescue party was devised and went to retrieve you."

"And where were the Sontarans all of this time?"

"Unlike the conditions they have created, these creatures are predictable now that we have studied their movements. You were very lucky. You came during the time that these Sontarans, as you call them, were in their ships."

"And they go in there at this time every day?"

"Yes."

"Probably feeding."

"The Sontarans are completely immobilized when they feed," piped up Sarah. Sontarans feed on energy that is taken in through a probic vent at the back of their necks. The process usually takes little under an hour, but during that time a Sontaran is literally helpless. All this Sarah knew from past experience and so the solution seemed obvious. "Why not just sneak in while they're having lunch and zap the lot?"

"Miss Smith!" exclaimed Jens, appalled. "That is unspeakable."

"We know the Sontarans," she explained, in an effort to enlighten the Flogran to the danger that he and his people were facing. "They represent everything that you're opposed to. They survive on war."

"Nevertheless, we will not condone any harm coming to them."

"But you don't understand. They'll destroy you!"

"I think he understands better than you give him credit for, Sarah," said the Doctor quietly. "We will respect your wishes, Jens. However, Sarah does have a point. We have approximately one hour of free time in which to operate while the Sontarans are feeding. That should give us something to start on." From the time he had lifted it from the cot, the Doctor had been turning the yellowed cloth over and over in his hands. "Tell me, Jens, do you have a good supply of this?" and he tapped an index finger to the bandage.

"It grows in abundance here. We cultivate many molds and bacteria of this kind. Some serve us as a food source, others as medication."

Laying the cloth across his knee, the Time Lord pulled a note pad and pen from his trouser pocket. The tip of the pen flew over the blank paper until three sheets were covered in a heavy, flowing scrawl. Tearing off the sheets, he offered them to Jens. "Can you provide these?" Studying the list with lidless eyes, he nodded. "Good. I'll need them as quickly as possible in the exact amounts specified. There must be no substitutes."

"Understood, Doctor."

"I'll also need the use of my TARDIS."

"I can have it retrieved for you when the Sontarans feed again." Jens bowed slightly, turned, and left the chamber. The two companions sat in silence a moment, listening to the pad-slap of his footsteps dwindle down the hall.

"Can we stop them, Doctor?"

Oh, I think so, if ..."

She didn't like the tone in his voice. "If what?"

"If the Sontarans haven't spotted the TARDIS."

A squat, burly figure stood regarding the blue box sitting docily on the slope by the lake. Project Scientist Stoin circled the TARDIS for the second time, examining the cracked wood of the exterior and attempting to peer into the frosted glass windows set high up in the walls. Discerning nothing, he returned to face the box's door, peering hard at the lock, with beady black eyes gleaming from folds of flesh. From his utility belt he removed what appeared to

be a silver, hollow tube some six inches long with six studs. Stepping back, he pointed one end of the tube toward the door's lock and depressed the third stud. The tip of the tube pointed toward the TARDIS glowed red and a beam encircled the lock. There was a flash and a puff of smoke curled upward from the door. Switching off the disrupter, Stoin tugged at the handle of the door and was dismayed to find it still closed against him. Peering closely at the lock the Sontaran hissed in anger. A high energy beam that could dissolve neutronium had failed to even scratch the surface of the door. He tried the remaining settings, the highest of which could disintegrate an entire planet in a more concentrated form, with the same results. The TARDIS remained locked and secure.

"Commander Slor." Stoin hissed into his communicator.

"Yes, Stoin?" crackled a voice over the small device cupped in the Sontaran's three digit hand.

"I have discovered an obstacle in Quadrant 6." He quickly explained the dimensions and appearance of the TARDIS. "Attempt at entrance with a disrupter has provided negative results."

"Admittance is not foreseeable?"

"No, Commander."

"Then destroy it," barked the voice over the communicator, "and Stoin ..."

"Yes, Commander?"

"There may be intruders. You will take energization one period later. We cannot afford interference at this crucial stage."

Stoin nodded and broke the connection, returning the communicator and the disrupter to his utility belt. He reached into a pouch incorporated in his uniform and pulled free a white, tacky substance. This he pressed around the base of the blue box to the left of the door. Taking a black disk from his utility belt, he pressed it into the substance and depressed a stud on the disk's surface. Satisfied, he turned and started away from the TARDIS, thinking no more about it. Soon it would no longer exist.

"A group of my people are collecting the materials you have specified." Jens was escorting the Doctor and Sarah along a series of underground tunnels that started in a gradual climb. Water and slime oozed down the grey walls and Sarah was grateful that she was walking between her two companions rather than close to the offal. They had been progressing steadily upward for about ten minutes when they rounded a bend and entered a small antichamber through an open archway. Four of Jens' people were gathered here, each with a coil of rope slung over their shoulders and a pouch swinging from crude belts. "This is the group that will retrieve your vehicle. I will accompany them."

Sarah gaped. The four Flograns were no taller than Jens, some 5'3"; slender and frail looking in the half-light provided by the wall torches. How they were going to wrestle something as bulky as the TARDIS was beyond her comprehension. However, the Doctor seemed not to notice that the expedition seemed undermanned. In fact, he appeared to have complete confidence in them. "Excellent. Do you mind if I tag along?"

"Not at all Doctor. We would be glad of your company." Jens moved to the wall opposite the archway and depressed part of the ornamentation on the stone hanging there. A rumbling came from deep underground and a section of the wall slid back, leaving a hole 9 feet square. The four Flograns - Elris, Tany, Tal, and Fes, by name - moved through the opening and disappeared into the shadows of the tunnel beyond. Sarah started to follow but the Doctor blocked her way.

"You're staying here, Sarah. It's too dangerous."

"You're always saying that! I can take care of myself."

"Yes, I know that you can," he replied soothingly, "but I'd rather that you stayed here and kept an eye on things. I want everything to be ready by the time we get back. Oh, and see if you can find some limestone."

"How come I get all the dirty work?" she complained, pouting. He turned to go. "Doctor?"

"Yes, Sarah, I know. I'll take care. Promise." Patting her on the head and flashing one of his most infectious smiles, he disappeared down the tunnel after Jens. With a sigh, she turned and followed the corridor back to the incubation room that had been shown to them. A handful of Flograns were scurrying about, cutting moss and slimes with flat, sharp edged stones and dropping them into cloth pouches. These pouches they piled on a rough stone slab beside which stood another Flogran ticking off the items on the Doctor's list. Now what was it that he wanted her to look for? Limestone, that was it. But how much? Just what did he have in mind, anyway? Thinking, not for the first time, that whatever the Doctor did was always a bit beyond her, she approached one of the creatures cutting moss. "Excuse me, could you tell me where I could find some limestone?"

Stoln wasn't feeling very well. His companions had entered the silver, spherical ships a short while before to undergo their feeding, leaving him to wander about as acting guard. But guard against what? Slor, the Operation Leader, had suspected intruders. Surely he could not have been referring to the vile creatures that had inhabited this planet. They were weak, puny things that slunk about in the bushes and waters of the lake. They made excellent targets for blaster-practice; they never lifted a hand in retaliation. To a Sontaran, a creature bred for war, the failure to defend oneself or to attack transgressors exhibited cowardess and a foolishness that merited an immediate death warrant.

Irritably he checked his chronometer. Fifteen minutes had gone by, fifteen minutes that brought him close to reenergizing. He had never missed his feeding. It was not a pleasant feeling. His stomach seemed to be churning. Stoln continued his patrol wishing fervently for the chronometer to quicken its pace, marking the time when he could go back to the ship and indulge himself. Perhaps a quick look to see if that blue box had disintegrated yet. That would surely pass the time ...

"There she is!" exclaimed the Doctor proudly, leading his group of Flograns up the slope. He pulled a gold watch on a chain from his vest pocket and snapped open the lid, revealing an antiquated, crystal covered casing. "And with thirty-five minutes to spare. Plenty of time before our Sontaran friends wake up, don't you think? Come on lads."

"That is a space ship?" asked Tanv as they reached the Police Box sitting docily in the glade.

"Oh, more than a space ship, my dear fellow. This is a TARDIS; a truly incredible machine. More than that, it's my home." He patted her affectionately, pulling a handkerchief from another pocket and wiping a smudge from the frosted glass windows on the box's door. "I don't know what I'd do without the old girl." Removing the key from its chain about his neck, he placed its silver, mushroom-like shape into the lock and turned. The door swung inward.

"You!" Stop in the name of the Sontaran Empire!" The little party whirled, the Time Lord framed in the doorway of the TARDIS. Stoln was lumbering forward, slower for the lack of energy, but none-the-less a formidable opponent. He was holding his disrupter. Turning, Fes tried to run. Before he had moved one foot Stoln activated the weapon and the small Flogran fell down dead. His life had not been given in vain. In the moment that the Sontaran focused his full attention on Fes, the Doctor threw wide the TARDIS doors and leapt aside.

"Everyone in, quickly!" There was no hesitation as the remaining four Flograns piled into the TARDIS. Jumping in after them, the Doctor slammed closed the door just as Stoln fired the disrupter a second time. The beam hit the TARDIS door, bringing the Sontaran no better results than his previous endeavor. In his rage, he entirely forgot the clay-like substance he had planted at the base of the strange blue box.

Inside, the Doctor moved to the main console and activated the scanner, while the Flograns wandered about the gleaming, impossibly large control room that fit inside the small blue box they had seen moments before. Jens was the first to recover, seeing Stoln's image appear on the monitor. The Sontaran was beating angrily on the exterior of the TARDIS as though convinced that he could breach this stronghold by brute force. Moving to another area of the many-sided control console, the Doctor started to flip a series of switches. "They must have left him out as a guard."

"What are you going to do?"

"Give our friend there a bit of a jolt." He noticed Jens' frown and paused to pat the Flogran reassuringly. "No need to worry, old chap. I'm not going to hurt him; just put him to sleep for a while, that's all." Jens nodded and once again regarded the monitor. The remainder of their party grouped around him and waited, the urgency of their situation overcoming all other interests. Throwing the switch, the lights in the control room dimmed for a brief moment, then flared back into full power. The monitor screen flickered and went blank momentarily. The Sontaran was no longer visible. "Good night," grinned the Time Lord, rubbing his hands together. "It should be safe to move on now," he assured them, consulting his watch again in spite of the fact that a chronometer was set in the control console directly before him. "Twenty-one minutes. I suggest we start moving. That erratic cycle of yours is going to start shortly. No telling if our friend out there was alone or not." He started for the door, motioning them to stay back with a wave of his hand while he opened it. Poking his head out, he looked first right, then left, then down. Stoln lay sprawled at his feet just outside the doorway. "All clear."

He stepped aside and allowed Jens near the door. The Flogran started to leave, then froze, his foot held in mid-air when he saw the Sontaran stretched out before him like a welcome mat. "Watch your step," advised the Doctor. Shivering slightly, Jens lengthened his stride and walked over Stoln's unconscious form, the rest following close behind. The body of the fallen Flogran lay in a charred heap not far away. It was no time to dwell on fallen comrades.

Jens immediately set about conducting his people in the task for which they had come. From the pouches on their belts they drew handfuls of a glowing green substance, smearing it on the blue-painted walls of the TARDIS near its base. "Careful not to mar the paint," warned the Doctor's voice. Elris busied himself with the wall to the left of the door, spreading the gell over the black disk and white clay that Stoln had placed there. He could not know that this was not part of the TARDIS. With this task completed, ropes were then looped around the box with a free end going to each member of the party. "All set, are we?" asked the Doctor as one of the leads was handed to him. In response, Jens took a vial of dark red liquid from his pouch and, uncapping it, poured the contents all about the base on top of the green gell. White vapor hissed upward and, slowly, the TARDIS began to levitate. It rose to a foot above the ground and stopped, hovering in mid-air. With the rope leads in hand, the group began to tow the floating TARDIS toward the lake and the entrance hidden nearby.

"Kind of like flying a kite," remarked the Doctor as they walked away, leaving Stoln where he had fallen.

"What are you doing?" asked Sarah, hovering over the Doctor's shoulder. They were in the TARDIS laboratory situated down the corridor and to the left of the main control room.

The TARDIS itself had been brought through the long series of tunnels in the Flogran complex and placed in a corner of the chamber that had originally held the two cots. She had watched as Jens took a vial of green liquid, pouring it all over the base of the call box hovering above the ground. It slowly sank to the floor, settling with a thump. The requirements listed on the three sheets of paper were brought in and, directed by the Doctor, piled onto one of the many workbenches in the laboratory. The Flograns had filed out, leaving Sarah alone with the Doctor. At present he was pouring over a series of test-tubes and beakers that were bubbling with all manner of vicious-looking liquids.

"I'm trying to mix these two compounds, provided you stop breathing down my neck," he snapped, tipping the contents of one beaker into another at eye level. Shifting her weight from her left foot to the right, she remained stationary behind him, watching with mild interest.

"But what are you doing?" she persisted.

"Nothing so long as you stand there asking redundant questions," came the curt reply.

"There's no call to be rude."

"Sarah," the Doctor carefully placed both beakers back on the workbench and turned to face her, speaking in measured tones, "I'm simply trying to get my work done in an amount of time that will permit us to act accordingly."

"Can I do anything to help?"

"No, you cannot...wait a moment, on second thought ... you can go fetch Jens for me."

Glad for something to do, Sarah snapped off a mock military salute. "Right away, Sir." she replied in as sober a tone as she could muster and, turning on her heel, marched out of the room. Shaking his head, the Doctor returned to his beakers. That would keep her out of his hair for a while. Being a journalist, Sarah was inquisitive by nature. It was one of the many qualities that endeared her to him, however, there were times when that need-to-know was most certainly a nuisance. Mentally patting himself on the back, he once more immersed himself in his work.

"He is immobilized, Commander." Lirn stood over the body of his comrade "Stoln has received a negative electrical charge. He will need twelve continuous reenergization periods."

"But he is not dead?"

"No, Commander."

"We will take him back to the ship and link him to the Energizer. Then you and I shall search and destroy the creatures who have done this."

"But the final phase of the Operation -"

"It can wait a few hours longer, Lirn. These intruders could be a danger to the final result. We must obliterate all obstacles before we begin this, the most crucial, part of our plan."

"Yes, Commander Slor." Lirn bent down and, taking Stoln's arms and legs, easily lifted him into a semblance of the fireman's carry.

The chamber had been provided with a rough map of the area hanging from the wall. The Doctor and Jens had been standing before it for a good half of an hour, talking in low voices that were unintelligible to Sarah most of the time. A blue, kidney shaped object marked where the lake stood with 'X's' to indicate the four entrances in the water and the one concealed entrance on the land. Not far from the lake four silver balls had been sketched in,

indicating the positions of the Sontarans' ships.

"This particular model of spacecraft is capable of holding one Sontaran comfortably and two if you squeeze. Therefore, I feel it safe to assume that they each came in a ship of their own," postulated the Doctor. "The fourth ship is probably a sort of mobile laboratory, flying by automatic pilot that is no doubt programmed by the leader, and maneuvered by a tractor beam. Since this would appear to be the larger of the three," and he tapped one of the circles with his index finger, "then it must be the laboratory."

"That's amazing, Doctor."

"Thank you, Watson." Jens cocked his head at this, but the Doctor was already continuing without having skipped a beat, "I think that they're controlling the events on your planet through the laboratory; probably randomly evaluating their progress as they go along. None of this is permanent. I'm sure of it. It seems too much of a coincidence that, while they're immobile in their ships, the planet is docile again. Our objective, then, is to destroy that laboratory. Do that and everything will revert to normal."

"And the Sontarans?"

"Well, at the very least they'll be forced to go and fetch another laboratory and that will take years. Sontara, after all, is quite a distance away."

"The destruction of the laboratory is necessary?"

"You have to take some kind of offensive, Jens. It may seem like a violent act but if all goes well it will be the only thing against your moral code."

"I understand this. Am I then correct in assuming that all that has to be done is to immobilize their laboratory while they're occupied with their feeding?"

"Well, no. Not exactly. It won't be as easy as all of that, I'm afraid. You see, they're bound to be on the lookout for us once they find their colleague."

"Great," came a voice from behind the Doctor. "We're going to try and destroy a laboratory by fighting some angry Sontarans provided we don't get throttled by a lot of homicidal plants first. Not a very bright prospect."

"Sarah ..."

"I know. I know. Be quiet," she pouted, kicking the TARDIS in frustration. Something white and tacky adhered to the toe of her loafer. Bending she touched her finger to it, discovering that she could peel it off in a film-like sheet. Upon closer scrutiny she discovered the white blob that had been pressed into the corner between the TARDIS wall and its base. A black disc, covered with a residue of green gell, was wedged into the substance, a tiny needle progressing along the radius of the disc. "Doctor?"

"Not now, Sarah."

"But Doctor -"

"Can't you see that I'm busy?"

"All I can see is some kind of goop stuck on the wall, here."

"Will you excuse me a moment, Jens?" He strode over to Sarah, less than pleased. "How can we ever get things arranged if you keep interrupting? Now what's so important?"

"I just thought you'd best have a look at this, that's all," she replied defensively, wondering now if perhaps she should have left him alone.

"A look at what?" His gaze followed her pointing finger. "That? Do you mean to tell me ..." His voice trailed off as he stooped down to examine the material, his eyes alighting on the black disc and its slowly ticking needle. Delving into one of the capacious pockets of

his jacket, he removed a putty knife and gingerly started to pry the substance off of the wall. "Sarah," he said in a voice that was urgently calm, "I want you to take Jens and leave the room. Go as far as you can from here into the tunnels and take anyone you pass with you."

"Why? What is it?"

"Please, Sarah, don't be difficult. Just do as I say." He was only vaguely aware when she left his side, concentrating on the removal of the clay. Taking special care around the disc, he managed to pull the lump off in one piece, holding it cupped in both hands. Standing, he moved with measured footsteps toward the TARDIS doors.

Suddenly Sarah was by his side again. "I told you to leave!" he hissed.

"It's an explosive, isn't it?"

"It's a Sontaran Dematerialization Bomb and it's set to go off in about six minutes. Open the TARDIS door."

Obediently she obliged, and he dashed through the opening, pelting through the control room and into an adjoining hall. Sarah was right behind him. He led her on a merry chase through corridors that she had never seen before until, finally, they came to a room in which the sole furnishing was a large, metal black box with a red button on its side. The Doctor was throwing open the lid just as Sarah ran in. He tossed the bomb into its depths, slammed shut the lid, and pushed the button. It remained depressed. A grinding-whirring noise came from within followed by a muffled 'whump'. The jangling sounds coming from the device wound down, then stopped altogether and the button popped out with a note of finality. Leaning against the box, he smiled.

"What is that thing?" panted Sarah.

"Garbage disposal. Come on."

"Where are we going?"

"To the laboratory. It's time we start setting things to rights around here!"

The group that listened to the Doctor's lecture was grim. Standing in a semi-circle, they listened as they were instructed on the use of the equipment that had been given them. Each had been issued a spray-gun defoliant; strong enough to protect the bearer from any of the living-vines that were sure to be active. To battle the weather conditions, the small patrol wore heavy, rubber ponchos which had been salvaged from the TARDIS' vast clothing closet, except for the Doctor who insisted on remaining dressed as he was despite all attempts to deter him.

The plan was as simple as it was dangerous. The surviving Flograns would station themselves at strategic points around the Sontarans' ships, causing as much havoc as they could with the defoliant in their spray-guns. When the plants started to fail, the instruments in the Sontaran's laboratory would register it, urging the Sontarans to investigate. Jens and his people were to lead them on a wild goose chase. The Flograns had an advantage over the Sontarans in that they knew every contour of the land that had so long been their home. While this was going on, the Doctor and Sarah would slip into the laboratory and set the Sontarans' research back several years through some healthy tampering. At least, that was the way that they hoped it would turn out ...

"How much longer do we have to wait?" asked Sarah, crouching behind a bush not far from the silver sphere that was the laboratory. They had managed to get through the wood to this hiding place without incident which was just fine as far as Sarah was concerned.

"I imagine it won't be long now. Jens and his folk should have started by now. Ah, there,

you see?" Sarah looked up to where the Doctor was peering through a hole in the hedge. Clearly, she could see a section of the sphere swing open and two Sontarans emerge, disrupters in their hands. One carried a black box set with dials and flashing lights. She was about to ask what it was, but the Doctor placed a finger to his lips in warning. If they continued walking on their present course they would pass within inches of them. At the last moment, they turned and started off through the gap between the remaining three spheres until they were out of sight. "That's our cue, Sarah," and, standing, the Doctor made for the open door with occasional glances over his shoulder.

"I thought you said there were three of them."

"Probably haven't found their mate yet."

"And if they have? He could be wandering around in there."

"We'll just have to take our chances. It's now or never." He paused in the doorway. "You could go back, you know. Of course, you probably wouldn't be so lucky this time. The odds of avoiding all of the vines on your way back are -"

"Never mind, just go in."

The interior of the silver globe was one solid mass of machinery. There were monitors, instrument panels, work benches, computers, flashing lights, and bleeping consoles. The Doctor set to work at once with his sonic screwdriver, pulling free a panel on a particularly large console and yanking on its contents.

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Stand by the door and keep an eye out. Don't want them coming back in the middle of things. I don't think they'd be too happy to see what we're up to."

"Right." She positioned herself alongside the doorjam, careful to remain out of sight of anyone who might be approaching.

"Well, well, well."

"What is it?"

"I was right. It does work on an automatic pilot. Perhaps if I reversed the polarity ..." his voice was muffled into incoherency as he poked his head into an opening. Sarah turned back to guard duty, frowning at the distant sounds that she knew to be Jens and his people trying to occupy the Sontarans in order to buy precious time. The continual 'brattt' of the disrupters was making her uneasy. "Are you almost through?" There was no reply. "Doctor?" she turned and jumped back with a gasp. Innocently, he smiled down at her.

"Sorry, did I startle you?"

"I hate it when you sneak up on me like that!"

"I'll try to keep from doing it again," and he walked casually out the door and into the afternoon sunlight. Stopping a short distance from the bushes he turned to look over his shoulder at her figure framed in the doorway. "Well, are you coming or are you just going to stand there?"

She ran out of the ship, following him back into the bushes. Settling down with his back against a tree, he pulled his hat down over his eyes and, taking a peach from his jacket pocket, started to nibble at it. "Want a bite?"

"No, thanks all the same. What are we waiting for? Shouldn't we be getting back to the tunnels?"

"Don't be in such a hurry," he admonished, taking a great bite out of the fruit and exposing the pit.

"Doctor -"

"Shh." He sat up, dropping the half-eaten peach back into his pocket. The two Sontarans were coming back. In fact, they were running, heading for the open door of the laboratory. Consulting his watch, the Doctor nodded. "Right on time."

"What's happening? What did you do?"

"Shh. Just watch."

They had reached the doorway to the laboratory just as the remaining three spheres started to glow. A low hum began to build in triplicate, stopping as effectively as a slap in the face.

"The engines!" cried Lirn. "Someone has activated launch-sequence."

"Quickly, we must negate it ..." but, to Slor's dismay, the door to the laboratory sphere swung shut and latched. All of Slor's cursings and prying could not open it. "Return to your ship. We must over-ride it before it is too late."

Sarah watched in rapt astonishment as the two Sontarans ran to their separate ships and disappeared inside. By now the hum had become the high pitched whine of engaging retros. Something tapped her on the shoulder. "I think it's time we left," suggested the Doctor. "If we continue to sit here we'll be roast goose."

Jens met them on the banks of the lake surrounded by the patrol he had led. Only four remained, something that saddened Sarah, but her thoughts were pulled elsewhere at a sudden, ear-splitting roar. One of the Flograns pointed to the sky, where four silver spheres were rapidly ascending until it was impossible to see them against the sparkling blue of the sky.

"What did you do?" breathed Sarah.

The Doctor shrugged, watching the now empty patch of sky where the silver spheres had been, finishing off the rest of his peach. "The Sontaran automatic pilot includes everything from lift-off to docking. I just rerouted the wiring and made the laboratory the command ship."

"Putting the other three on automatic pilot instead!" exclaimed Sarah.

"Precisely. They should be arriving home in about 200 years, I'd guess. It promises to be a boring journey, I'm afraid."

"Can't they override the automatic pilot?"

"Not after what I did to those circuits," he grinned. "They won't be using that laboratory again!"

"What of our world? Will it return to normal?" asked Jens hopefully, his green-yellow eyes pleading.

"The most dangerous thing you'll have to contend with now, my friend, is poison ivy."

"I'm almost sorry we had to leave," sighed Sarah, standing in a corner of the TARDIS control room.

"It was a lovely little planet, wasn't it? Of course, I have seen prettier." He looked up from his 500-year Diary. "Earth has its virtues, for one. A bit cramped, true, and there are a number of eye-sores, but you can't have everything."

"Nothing as disagreeable as homicidal plants or Sontarans, though."



"You may have a point there. Of course, there was the time in the thirteenth century. . ." and he winked. "How about a game of whist?"

Sarah sneezed. "No thanks, Doctor. I think I'll just take a nap if it's all the same to you," and, so saying, she headed for the dormitory door, stifling a yawn. Watching the door shut behind her, the Time Lord shrugged, and started to write in the diary.



THE DOCTOR OF THE COSMOS

(sung to the tune of 'The yellow Rose of Texas')

You roam around the Cosmos
In something called a TARDIS,
Saving every creature
From terrible injustice.
Upon you head's a soft brown hat
A long scarf goes with that,
Our love for you we cannot feign
You caring alien!

soderquist

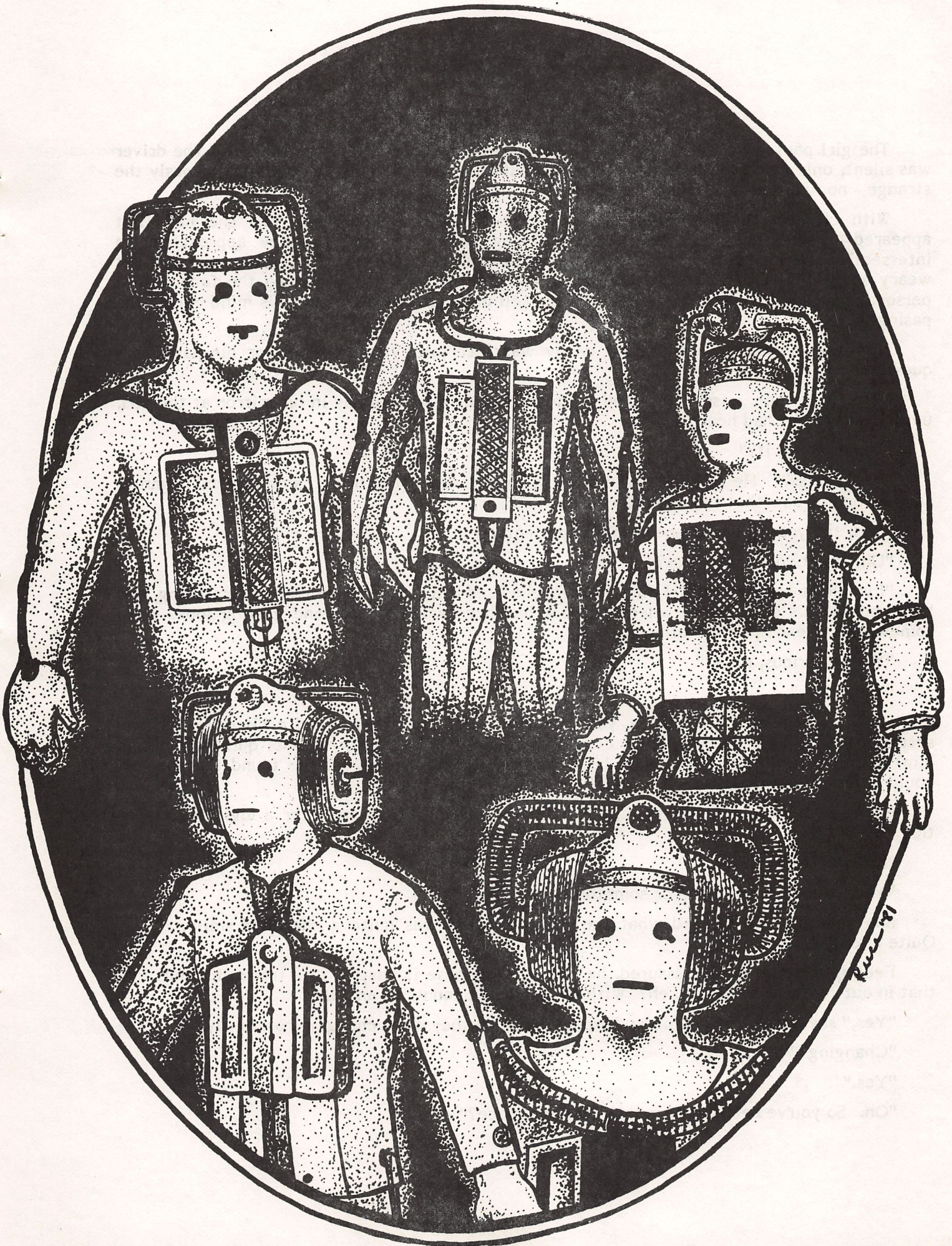
OUT ON MY PORCHSTEP

(sung to the tune of the Christmas carol, "Up On The Housetop")

Out on my porchstep - groan, wheeze, whine!
Stands the Doctor, a Lord of Time.
Hat on his head, and key in hand,
Come to take me to a distant land!
Oh, my oh! Off we roam!
Oh, my oh! Far from home!
On through the Cosmos, we are bound,
Discovering secrets yet unfound!

soderquist





GOING HOME
(An Epilogue)

by Rhonda Reece

The girl paused only long enough to give directions before entering the cab. The driver was silent, only acknowledging her directions with a nod of his head, but noting curiously the strange - no, unusual - passenger he had just picked up.

With closer examination, he realized that she was a bit older than she had first appeared - the clothing and her luggage being deceptive - and as they approached an intersection, he chanced an even closer look through his mirror at her. She seemed a bit weary and a little lost. The cabby then set about the task of connecting the face with a personality. It was a game he played with himself on long fares to occupy his mind during the passing time.

His mind absorbed in that, the cabby was left totally unprepared for his passenger's question.

"What was that, miss?" he asked politely, looking questioningly in his mirror at the girl, unsure of what he had heard.

"What year is it?"

"Year, miss?" He looked around quickly, expecting to see the girl smiling, and began to worry when he saw that she wasn't.

"Yes, the year, please," she repeated patiently.

"Uh...don't you know, miss?"

"I wouldn't have asked if I did." She laughed suddenly, as if remembering something, and he tightened his grip on the wheel. (There had been word of someone getting loose from somewhere. Near Epsom, he thought.)

"You're serious, miss?"

"Yes, I am."

He answered her (day, month, year) and she seemed satisfied (and a bit relieved), and settled back into her seat. But his curiosity (a fault in a cabby, his boss quite often told him) and confusion easily won over his professional detachment, and he found that he just couldn't leave it at that.

"Have you been...elsewhere, miss?" he asked, fishing desperately for a logical explanation.

"Elsewhere?"

"Yes, you know, on a trip or something?"

She paused, then flashed what the cabby thought was quite a charming smile. "Yes. Quite a long one."

Feeling a little more reassured, he added, "I suppose it easy to lose track of things like that in out-of-the-way places, eh? With them foreign countries an' all."

"Yes," she agreed, still smiling, "especially since they were changing constantly."

"Changing?"

"Yes."

"Oh. So you've been to more than just one place?"

"Indeed."

"France, Italy, eh? Sorta extended holiday? Lucky you, miss. The most I get off is to the in-laws on the West End. I take it you enjoyed yourself, though?"

She was staring out the window, drinking in the surroundings as they passed. "Yes, I guess I did."

"You're going home now then, miss?"

"Home?"

"Home, miss. I thought that you coming back from them foreign places, you'd be heading home, then."

"I guess so. I suppose it's changed, though." She paused, then added, "I know I have."

"Well, everything changes, miss," he answered sensibly. "It's been awhile, then?"

She nodded. "Awhile..."

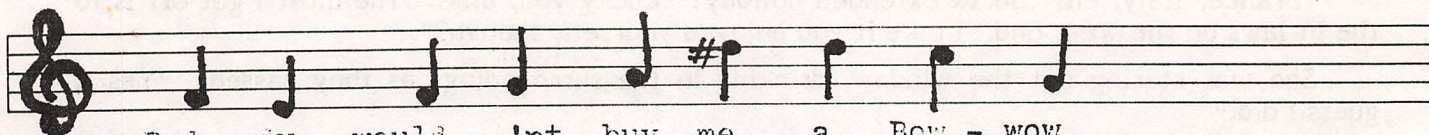
Finally tiring of courteous small-talk, and his curiosity at least temporarily satisfied, he was glad when his passenger seemed content to end their conversation there. They remained silent until they had reached the local terminal, where they exchanged respective Thank-yous as he read off her fare.

The cabby watched as the girl piled her things outside the car, and dug deep inside her pink-striped trouser pocket, pulling out several large coins, and absently deposited them in his outstretched hand.

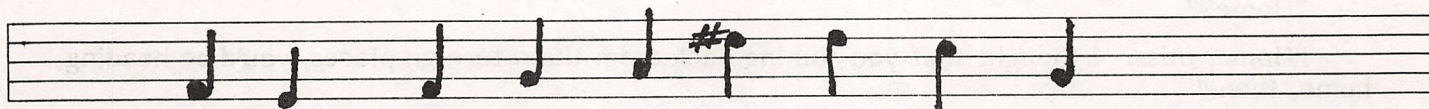
Then, picking up her suitcase, tennis racket, plant, stuffed owl, and her memories, Sarah Jane quickly left and entered the terminal.



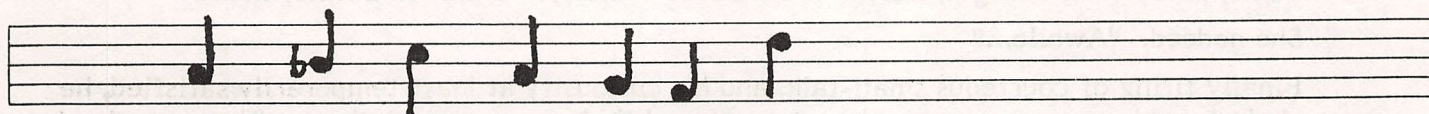
SARAH'S FAREWELL SONG (for pennywhistle)



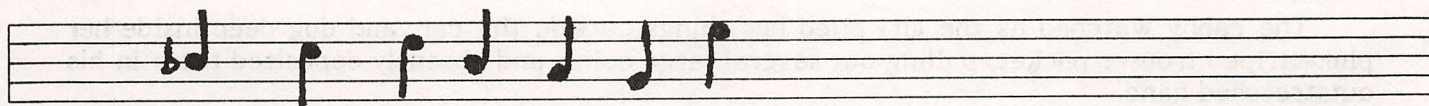
Dad - dy would - 'nt buy me a Bow - wow



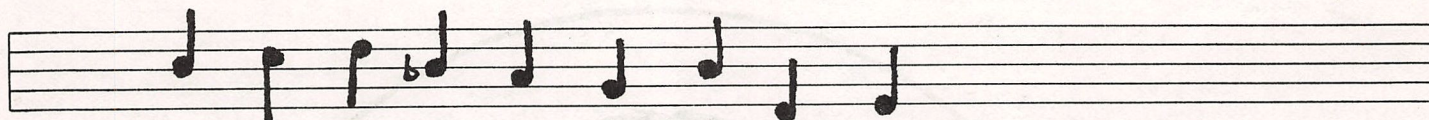
Dad - dy would - 'nt buy me a Bow - wow



Well, I've got a lit-tle cat



And I'm ver -y fond of that



But I'd rath-er have a Bow- wow- wow

REFLECTION

From a far-away planet called Gallifrey you came to me,
Stepping out of London's swirling fog as if in a dream.
You opened the Gates of Heaven and thus set me free,
To touch the stars and take a walk on a moonbeam.
My heart was set aglow by the friendly twinkle in your eye.
And as my love for you unrelentlessly grew,
It became difficult to tell you of this invisible tie,
That I felt contentment and as one with you.

Oh, how I long for those days now too long gone by!
I shall never forget that fateful day you returned me home,
Only to rush off again because you hated a long good-bye.
Time Lord, will you remember me after I am laid in my tomb?
My love for you will go with me beyond my cold and lonely grave.
In Eternity I will finally tell you of the feeling to me you gave.

Soderquist

... with the announcement that Tom Baker's successor in the role of the Doctor would be Peter Davison, came the word that the new Doctor would be a fancier of cricket. In the interests of enabling our readers to better understand the show, we prevailed upon an English friend who is a fan of both cricket and the Doctor to write an article which would explain the game to Americans who had never seen it. Gordon Carleton, after doing the illos of the Doctors' cricket days, has announced that there will be a nerf cricket match at Mediawest*con '82. No, Sandra, we certainly do not mean to imply that Peter is a scruffy nerf-herder. Alan, do you think you could referee -- Alan ... Alan?

CRICKET

by Alan Darling

Cricket is a game of enigmas: A game where two teams can play for five days with no conclusion - yet both sides have played well and the spectators go away satisfied. A game where when a side in the field is out and will not go in again until the other side is out also - and so it goes on!

On the more serious side, cricket is a game played between two sides of eleven players, on a cricket field which is surrounded by the boundry, with the square or pitch in the centre (Fig. 1). The main action takes place in a part of the pitch which is 22 yards long between the stumps or wickets (Fig. 2). The pitch is marked with four white lines called creases (Fig. 3): the bowling crease, the batting or popping crease, and two return creases.

FIGURE 1

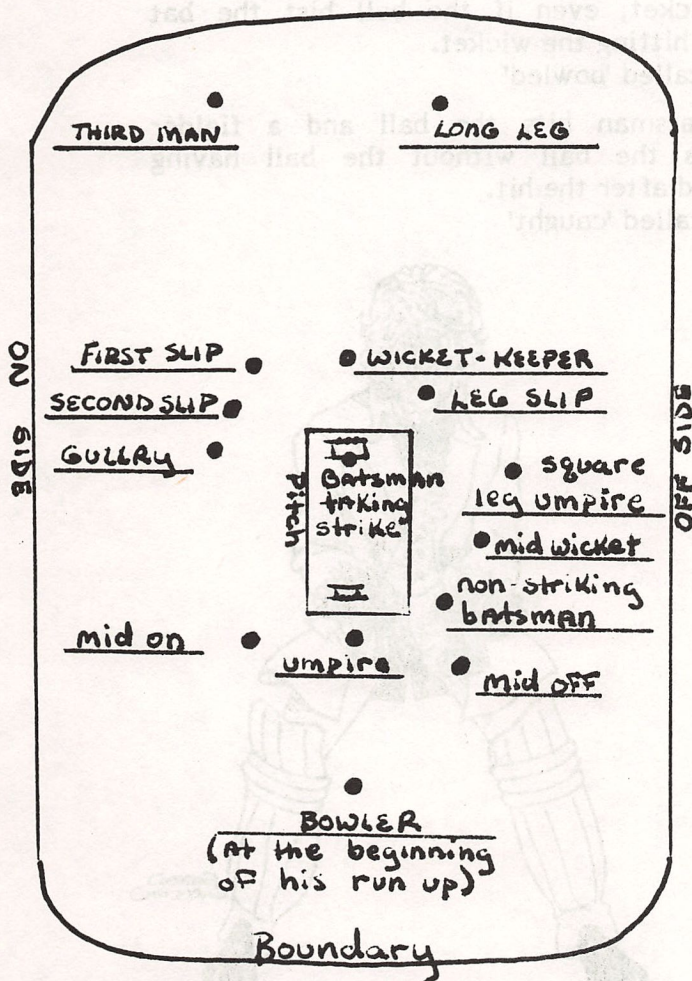


FIGURE 2

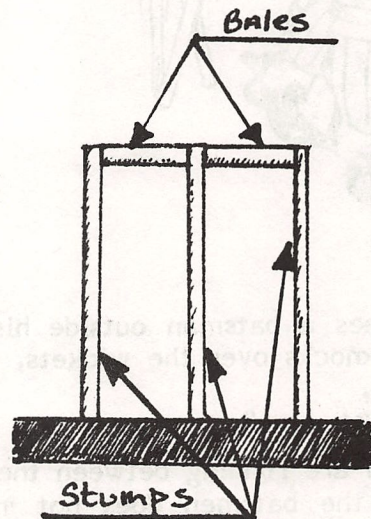
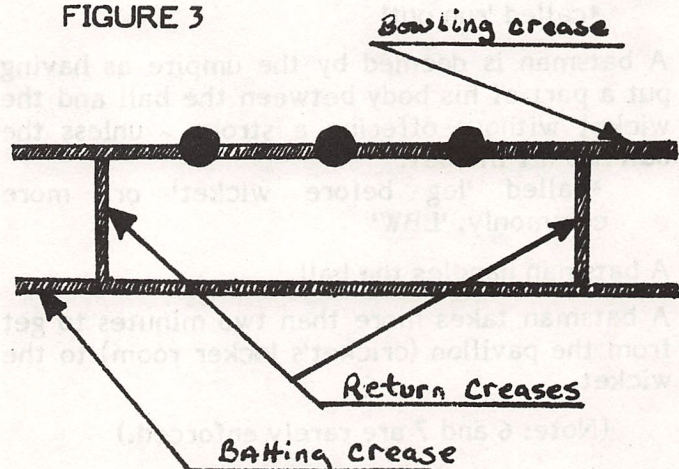


FIGURE 3



The tools of the trade are basically a bat and ball and it is a conflict between the fielding side and the batting side; the batting side interested in getting as many runs as possible while the fielding side intent on getting the batting side out for the minimum number of runs.



The game is won by the side which gets the most runs from two complete innings per side. An 'innings' is all eleven batsmen coming in to bat and ten of them being out. There must always be two players batting so, when the tenth batsman is out, the last man cannot play by himself and the side is retired. The emphasis is on two complete innings per side. If the final, or for that matter, the penultimate innings is incomplete, the game is a draw, no matter what the score.

So far there are several terms which will sound familiar to the average baseball fan -runs, out, batting, innings, etc, but there are several different meanings.

OUT

A batsman is out if:

1. The ball is bowled past the batsman and hits the wicket, even if the ball hit the bat before hitting the wicket.
*called 'bowled'
2. The batsman hits the ball and a fielder catches the ball without the ball having bounced after the hit.
*called 'caught'
3. A fielder sees a batsman outside his batting crease and knocks over the wickets, or bales, with the ball.
*called 'stumped'
4. The batsmen are running between the wickets and one of the batsmen does not 'make his ground' before a fielder knocks over the wicket with the ball.
*called 'run out'
5. A batsman is deemed by the umpire as having put a part of his body between the ball and the wicket without offering a stroke - unless the ball has hit the bat.
*called 'leg before wicket' or, more commonly, 'LBW'
6. A batsman handles the ball.
7. A batsman takes more than two minutes to get from the pavilion (cricket's locker room) to the wicket.

(Note: 6 and 7 are rarely enforced.)



Apart from #1 (which is very obvious), #2 through 7 must be appealed for to the umpire before the umpire will make a decision (no appeal = no out) as to whether the player is out.

The appeal generally takes the form of one or more of the fielding side saying "How was that?" -traditionally shortened to "Howzat?". The umpire replies by either raising his index finger to signify out or by denying the appeal by shaking his head.

RUNS

Two batsmen are always on the pitch, but only one is facing the bowler (called "taking the strike") at any time. The other (non-striking) batsman is at the other end of the pitch.

A run is scored when:

1. The batsman taking the strike hits the ball far enough for the two batsmen to run the 22 yards to change ends. If the ball is hit far enough, the batsmen may elect to run two, three or more runs from one hit.
IT IS AT THE BATSMAN'S DISCRETION AS TO WHETHER OR NOT TO RUN AFTER HITTING THE BALL. HE DOES NOT **HAVE** TO RUN.
2. If the ball is hit hard enough to cross the boundary, the batsman automatically scores four runs.
*called a 'boundary'
3. If the ball crosses the boundary without bouncing, the batsman automatically scores six runs.
*called a 'six'
4. If a ball goes behind the batsman and a fielder fails to stop the ball, the batsman may run. If the batsmen exchange ends, a run is scored. This run is not attributed to the striking batsman, but to a running total called extras.
*called a 'bye'
5. If the ball comes off a batsman's body (normally his legs), without touching the bat and the batsman is not 'LBW', the batsmen may run. If they exchange ends, a 'leg bye' is scored. As with byes, the leg bye goes into the extras.
6. A 'no ball' is called (see later section). This goes into the extras.
7. A 'wide' is called (see later section). This goes into the extras.

BATTING

Batting is similar to batting in baseball, but instead of holding the bat over his shoulder, the batsman takes an upright position in front of one of the wickets, as shown in figure 4, and generally goes out to bat wearing pads to protect his legs from the ball. Some batsmen also wear protective headgear, thigh pads, and padding around the stomach. The reasons for this will unfold when the bowling section is covered.

The bat is also quite different from the baseball bat and is traditionally made of willow. Its size may vary from batsman to batsman.

A batsman must always have either one foot, two feet, or his bat behind the batting crease. Failure to do this may result in a stumping.

FIGURE 4



BOWLING

Bowling is the equivalent of pitching in baseball. The ball is about the same size and weight as a baseball, but the bowler (pitcher) does not simply stand still and throw it towards the batsman. The bowler takes a run of up to 25 yards and delivers the ball overarm in a windmill-like action. The bowler is **NOT** allowed to bend his arm at the elbow! This results in a penalty 'no ball'. The ball then (normally) bounces on the pitch and is played (or missed!) by the batsman.

There are similarities with baseball in that there are both fast and slow bowlers. Fast bowlers use brute force and speed (up to 120 mph!), while the slow bowlers use guile, cunning, the flight of the ball in the air and spinning the ball off the pitch to achieve their ends. And then there are the people who are neither fish nor fowl, and these are called medium pace bowlers or 'seamers'. The latter name comes from the fact that they bowl the ball in such a way that its seam (figure 5) causes the ball to move in a direction other than straight up from the pitch.

Incidentally, it should be obvious to the reader (and painfully obvious to anyone having been hit by the ball) that it is a sensible batsman who faces fast bowling with a lot of padding!

NO BALLS

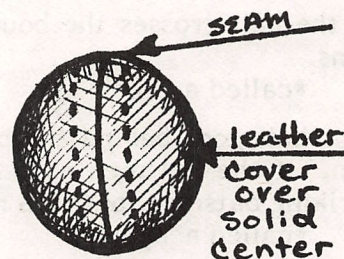
A 'no ball' is called by the umpire when one of the following has occurred:

1. The bowler bends his arm at the elbow.
2. The bowler oversteps the bowling crease.

The effect of a no ball is one of two things:

1. An extra run is given to the batting side and the bowler has to bowl another ball in his 'over'.
2. The batsman hits the ball, but has the advantage of only being out on a run out.

FIGURE 5



OVERS

When a side is fielding it employs two bowlers, one to bowl from each end of the pitch. The point at which the bowlers change is defined by the 'over' which is 6 balls (pitches). This number can, however, be extended by the bowler bowling a no ball or a 'wide'. A 'wide' is a ball which in the decision of the umpire cannot be reached by the batsman. In either case, the batting side gets an extra run and the bowler has to bowl an extra ball.

At the end of an over, the fielding side changes ends, the square leg umpire moves into the wicket and the umpire previously at the wicket moves out to the square leg. The batsmen do not change ends.

The picturesque term of "bowling a maiden over" does not mean the bowler is having his evil way with a young lady, but that he has managed to bowl an over without a run being scored off it.

FIELD PLAYING

The placing of the eleven fielders is generally done by the bowler although it may be done by the captain.

There are an infinite number of field placings. A few of these are shown in figure 1. The only two field placings which are prerequisites are the bowler and the wicket keeper (pitcher and catcher).

Other of the more quaint field placing names are 'silly mid on', 'silly mid off', 'silly point', 'square leg', 'long leg' etc. The 'silly' means that the fielder is very close to the striking batsman.

The off and on sides have been mentioned and bear explanation. The off side is the side of the pitch where the striking batsman has his legs (alternatively, and more descriptively, called the leg side). The on side is, obviously, the opposite side. This does add yet another complication in that the on and off sides are laterally inverted when a left-handed batsman is at the crease rather than a righty. Thankfully there is no such animal as a 'switch hitter' in cricket, and Daleks have never been able to master the sport.

There is only one substitute allowed. He is affectionately known as the 'twelfth man'. He is only allowed on when a fielder is injured and, obviously, this means that if a bowler is changed at any time he is not retired from the game, but simply goes into the field until his services are required again.

STATISTICS

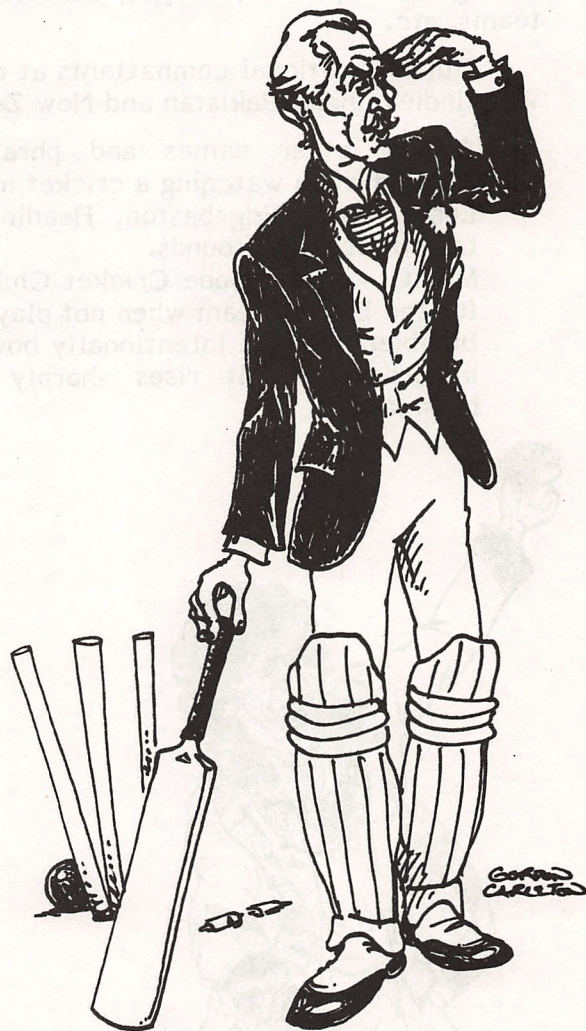
While the cricket fan is not bombarded by the same number of statistics as the baseball fan, there are a few statistics attached to the players. Batsmen have the number of runs they score shown on the score card and the way they were out. This score then goes towards the 'average', which is an average of number of runs to number of innings ('outs').

Bowlers carry round the slightly more cumbersome stats of number of overs, maiden overs, outs (only bowled and caught count here) and runs which have been scored against them. These then go against his average number of runs per wicket ('outs').

TERMS AND PHRASES

Having now covered the basic (?) rules of the game we come into some commonly used terms and phrases.

The old and traditional enemy of the English team is the Australian team. This enmity goes back to before the start of the century and is now played for a trophy called the ASHES (a small urn containing the ashes of a cricket stump - yet again proving the slight eccentricity of the English).



The ASHES are won or lost by the team who wins or loses a series of TEST MATCHES. Test matches are the highest level of cricket and are waged between teams representing countries. Below test level cricket is county level. Each English county having its own representative (professional) team from whom the test team is selected. The level of cricket then stretches right the way down through semi-pro to colleges, schools, pub teams, Sunday teams, etc.

Other traditional combatants at the test level and the West Indies, India, Pakistan and New Zealand.

A few other names and phrases which may be encountered when watching a cricket match are:

Lords, Oval, Edgebaston, Headingley - a few of the famous cricket grounds.

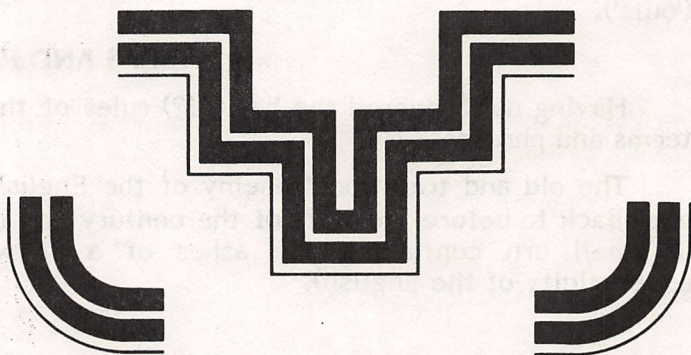
M.C.C. - Marylebone Cricket Club - the touring name for the English team when not playing test matches.

Bumbler - a ball intentionally bowled into the ground in order that it rises sharply to intimidate the batsman.



The list can go on forever, but this article, while both long and probably complicated to someone who has not grown up with cricket, is not meant to be a definitive document. It is meant to hopefully explain one or two terms one encounters when watching a game - or, perhaps -when seeing the new adventures of the Doctor.

The actual watching of a cricket match (weather permitting in the somewhat unpredictable English summer) is what actually matters and is something that should be experienced in the company of someone who knows the game. Once the idea of watching a game for its sheer spectacle and relaxation and knowing that even after five a satisfactory conclusion with regards to a winner or loser has not been reached one can normally return home with the satisfaction of having been there and looking forward to the next game.



PANOPTICON WEST REPORT

or

"Let's see 'Logopolis' just one more time!"

by Rob St. John

The North American Doctor Who Appreciation Society (NADWAS) and the OKON committee held Panopticon West on August 14-15 at the Camelot Hotel in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The Con turned out to be a wonderful festival celebrating all eighteen years of the amazing BBC-TV science fiction production, despite various problems the Con ran into (Tom Baker and Lalla Ward being unable to arrive, the air-controller's strike, to name a few).

The Con was held at the splendid Camelot hotel (yes, it does look like a castle!), a comfortable, spacious locale for any convention. Registration took place Friday morning when attendees discovered the programming that would make the weekend.

Guests would include: Peter Davison, the new Doctor; Sanda Dickinson, an American actress and Mr. Davison's wife; John Nathan-Turner, present producer of DOCTOR WHO; science-fiction writers David F. Bischoff, C. J. Cherryh, George Clayton Johnson, Mike McQuay and Wilson 'Bob' Tucker, and Larry Wauchop, a collector of British and Japanese Science-fiction memorabilia. Even with the air-strike, all guests were able to come.

Programming was basically the same throughout the weekend. It included: "Destiny of the Daleks" (4 parts, 17th season) "City of Death" (4 parts, 17th season) undeniably the most awaited and popular episodes, "Keeper of Traken" and "Logopolis" (see article, "The Return of Evil" this issue); "An Unearthly Child", the first DW episode; "The Edge of Destruction" (2 parts, 1st season); "The Rescue" (2 parts, 2nd season) parts 1 & 2 of "The Armageddon Factor" (16th season); other miscellaneous SF and short subjects.

Two different Dealer's Rooms were loaded with almost anything a fan could want. Every TARGET book in print was there, including the two new Programme Guides and the new 'DW and the Cybermen' book, just reprinted with snappy cover art and the recent logo. Also available were the latest monthlies and annuals, tons of photos and posters, and for the 'Raiders of the Lost Ark' fan . . . everything.

Guests Peter Davison, John Nathan-Turner, and Sandra Dickinson arrived Saturday evening safe, sound, and exhausted, to judge the masquerade. Unfortunately, I can't tell you anything about that since I was involved in the masque. But the guests were reported to be in good spirits considering seven hours jet lag. They all showed up Sunday morning for talks with the fans and later in the afternoon for a press conference (where Mr. Davison played the guitar for everyone!). The guests and fans were equally considerate and the questions/answers session brought up some interesting tidbits of information: John Nathan-Turner will produce a Christmas special involving Sarah Jane Smith (Elizabeth Sladen) and K-9 (John Leeson). Mr. Nathan-Turner would reveal nothing else about it; Mr. Nathan-Turner thinks the Master is too good for the show to have disappear for another four years (hint, hint); Mr. Davison plans on playing his Doctor as sort of a 'big brother' to his companions; the Doctor's new costume will be a beige overcoat with maroon lining and pants to match, a cricket sweater over a white shirt with question marks on the collar, and a stalk of celery on the coat lapel. To give you an idea of the talks, here are some transcripts:

Q: Are the rumors about changing the shape of the TARDIS at all true?

JNT: Two things have remained basically unchanged throughout the eighteen years of the show; the title theme and Police Box shape of the TARDIS . . . I don't believe we'll change either of them.

Q: So you won't change the shape of the TARDIS?

JNT: (chuckling) Won't I?

Q: Did Tom Baker say anything to you before you took over the role?

PD: Well, we went to the BBC pub to talk and while we were there he did say something to that effect . . . but the noise in there was so tremendous, we couldn't hear a word the other was saying.

Q: Is there any such thing as a Doctor Who 'blooper reel'?

JNT: The outtakes are usually junked, but if there is a really funny one, the videotape editors will keep it. But there's no such thing as a Doctor Who reel.

On the whole the guests were kind and witty. Their panels were quite a pleasure.

Panopticon West was a wonderful con where DW fans from all over could unite for the time of their fan lives. It was a well run and organized event which I would have recommended to anyone (I know, I know . . . big help four months later!)

Special thanks to the guests for coming, Tom and Lalla for trying, BBC distributors for the fantastic tapes, the con committee, and Jean Airey for getting us out there (and back!).

